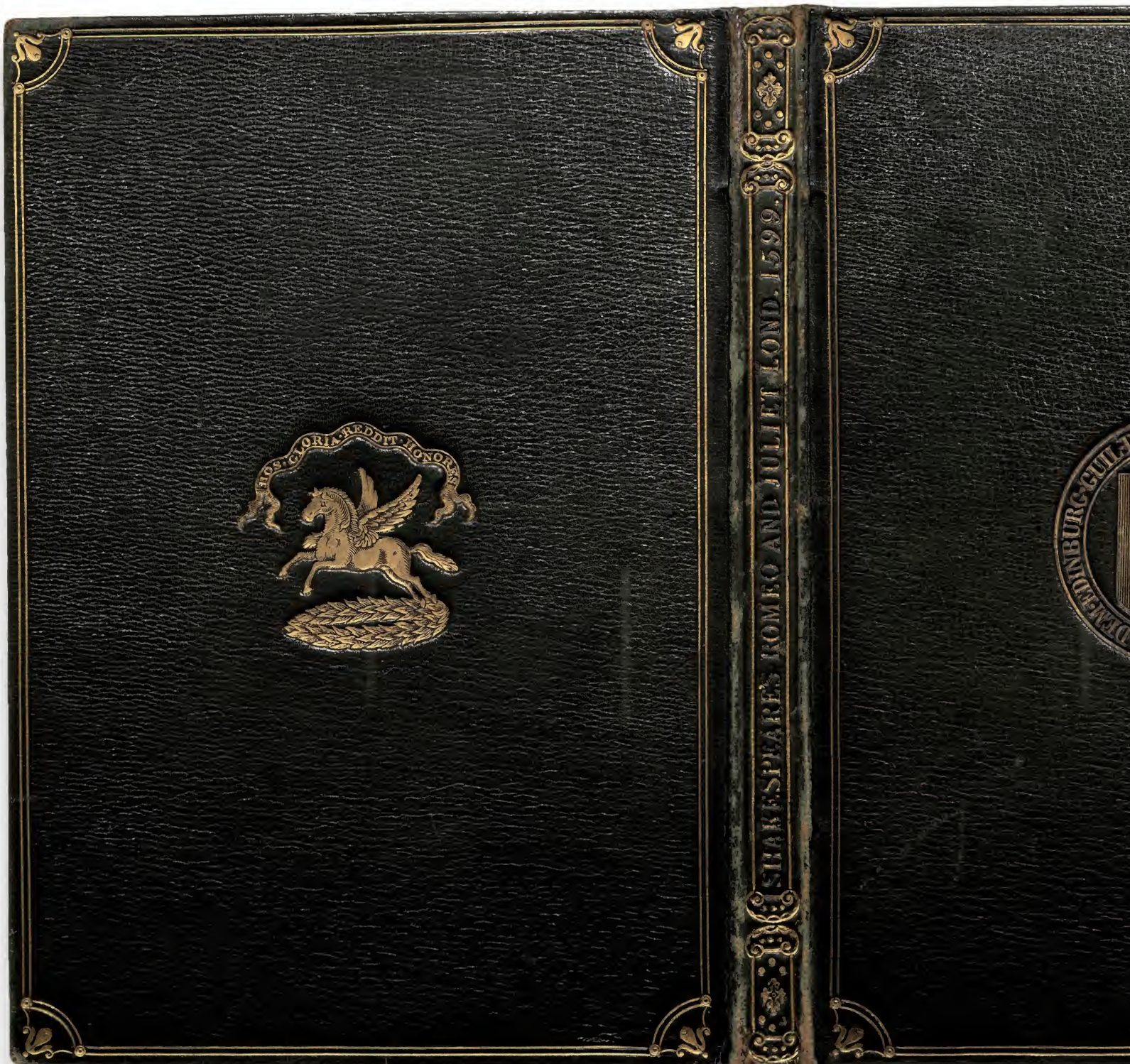
HOS · GLORIA · REDDIT · HONORES
SHAKESPEARE'S ROMEO AND JULIET LOND. 1599.

De.3.73

A.A.A.f.17 NORTMOND No 1

THE MOST EX-

cellent and lamentable Tragedie, of Romeo and *Iuliet*.

WIL. Sha.

Newly corrected, augmented, and amended:

As it hath bene sundry times publiquely acted, by the right Honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his Seruants.

P.S.A.

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The Prologue.

Corus.

Two houſholds both alike in dignitie,
(In faire Verona *where we lay our Scene)*
From auncient grudge, breake to new mutinie,
where ciuill bloud makes ciuill hands vncleane:
From forth the fatall loynes of theſe two foes,
A paire of ſtarre-croſt louers, take their life:
whoſe miſaduentur'd pittious ouerthrowes,
Doth with their death burie their Parents ſtrife.
The fearfull paſſage of their death-markt loue,
And the continuance of their Parents rage:
which but their childrens end nought could remoue:
Is now the two houres trafficque of our Stage.
The which if you with patient eares attend,
what heare ſhall miſſe, our toyle ſhall ſtriue to mend.

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THE MOST EX-
cellent and lamentable
Tragedie, of *Romeo* and *Iuliet*.

Enter Sampſon *and* Gregorie, *with Swords and Bucklers, of the houſe of* Capulet.

SAmp. *Gregorie*, on my word weele not carrie Coles.
Greg. No, for then we ſhould be Collyers.
Samp. I meane, and we be in choller, weele draw.
Greg. I while you liue, draw your necke out of choller.
Samp. I ſtrike quickly being moued.
Greg. But thou art not quickly moued to ſtrike.
Samp. A dog of the houſe of *Mountague* moues me.
Grego. To moue is to ſtirre, and to be valiant, is to ſtand: Therefore if thou art moued thou runſt away.
Samp. A dog of that houſe ſhall moue me to ſtand: I will take the wall of any man or maide of *Mountagues*.
Grego. That ſhewes thee a weake ſlaue, for the weakeſt goes to the wall.
Samp. Tis true, & therfore women being the weaker veſſels are euer thruſt to the wall: therfore I wil puſh *Mountagues* men from the wall, and thruſt his maides to the wall.
Greg. The quarell is betweene our maiſters, and vs their men.
Samp. Tis all one, I will ſhew my ſelfe a tyrant, when I haue fought with the men, I will be ciuil with the maides, I will cut off their heads.

Grego. The heads of the maids.

Samp. I the heads of the maides, or their maiden heads, take it in what ſenſe thou wilt.

Greg. They muſt take it ſenſe that feele it.

Samp. Me they ſhall feele while I am able to ſtand, and tis knowne I am a pretie peece of fleſh.

Greg. Tis well thou art not fiſh, if thou hadſt, thou hadſt bin poore Iohn: draw thy toole, here comes of the houſe of *Mountagues.*

Enter two other ſeruing men.

Samp. My naked weapon is out, quarell, I will back thee.

Greg. How, turne thy backe and runne?

Samp. Feare me not.

Greg. No marrie, I feare thee.

Sam. Let vs take the law of our ſides, let them begin.

Gre. I will frown as I paſſe by, and let them take it as they liſt.

Samp. Nay as they dare, I wil bite my thumb at them, which is diſgrace to them if they beare it.

Abram. Do you bite your thumbe at vs ſir?

Samp. I do bite my thumbe ſir.

Abra. Do you bite your thumb at vs ſir?

Samp. Is the law of our ſide if I ſay I?

Greg. No.

Samp. No ſir, I do not bite my thumbe at you ſir, but I bite my thumbe ſir.

Greg. Do you quarell ſir?

Abra. Quarell ſir, no ſir.

Sã. But if you do ſir, I am for you, I ſerue as good a mã as you.

Abra. No better.

Samp. Well ſir. *Enter Benuolio.*

Greg. Say better, here comes one of my maiſters kinſmen.

Sam. Yes better ſir.

Abra. You lie.

Samp. Draw if you be men, *Gregorie*, remember thy waſhing blowe. *They fight.*

Benuo. Part fooles, put vp your ſwords, you know not what you do. *Enter*

Enter Tibalt.

Tibalt. What art thou drawne among theſe hartleſſe hindes?
turne thee *Benuolio*, looke vpon thy death.

Benuo. I do but keepe the peace, put vp thy ſword,
or manage it to part theſe men with me.

Tib. What drawne and talke of peace? I hate the word,
as I hate hell, all *Mountagues* and thee:
Haue at thee coward.

Enter three or foure Citizens with Clubs or partyſons.

Offi. Clubs, Bils and Partiſons, ſtrike, beate them downe,
Downe with the Capulets, downe with the Mountagues.

Enter old Capulet *in his gowne, and his wife.*

Capu. What noyſe is this? giue me my long ſword hoe.

Wife. A crowch, a crowch, why call you for a ſword?

Cap. My ſword I ſay, old *Mountague* is come,
And floriſhes his blade in ſpight of me.

Enter old Mountague *and his wife.*

Mount. Thou villaine *Capulet*, hold me not, let me go.

M. *Wife.* 2. Thou ſhalt not ſtir one foote to ſeeke a foe.

Enter Prince Eskales, *with his traine.*

Prince. Rebellious ſubiects enemies to peace,
Prophaners of this neighbour-ſtayned ſteele,
Will they not heare? what ho, you men, you beaſts:
That quench the fire of your pernicious rage,
With purple fountaines iſſuing from your veines:
On paine of torture from thoſe bloudie hands,
Throw your miſtempered weapons to the ground,
And heare the ſentence of your moued Prince.
Three ciuill brawles bred of an ayrie word,
By thee old *Capulet* and *Mountague*,
Haue thrice diſturbd the quiet of our ſtreets,
And made *Neronas* auncient Citizens,
Caſt by their graue beſeeming ornaments,
To wield old partizans, in hands as old,
Cancred with peace, to part your cancred hate,
If euer you diſturbe our ſtreets againe,

Your liues shall pay the forfeit of the peace.
For this time all the rest depart away:
You *Capulet* shall go along with me,
And *Mountague* come you this afternoone,
To know our farther pleasure in this case:
To old Free-towne, our common iudgement place:
Once more on paine of death, all men depart.

Exeunt.

Mounta. Who set this auncient quarell new abroach?
Speake Nephew, were you by when it began?
Ben. Here were the seruants of your aduersarie
And yours, close fighting ere I did approach,
I drew to part them, in the instant came
The fierie *Tybalt*, with his sword prepar'de,
Which as he breath'd defiance to my eares,
He swoong about his head and cut the windes,
Who nothing hurt withall, hist him in scorne:
While we were enterchaunging thrusts and blowes,
Came more and more, and fought on part and part,
Till the Prince came, who parted either part.
Wife. O where is *Romeo*, saw you him to day?
Right glad I am, he was not at this fray.
Benuo. Madam, an houre before the worshipt Sun,
Peerde forth the golden window of the East,
A troubled minde driue me to walke abroad,
Where vnderneath the groue of Syramour,
That Westward rooteth from this Citie side:
So early walking did I see your sonne,
Towards him I made, but he was ware of me,
And stole into the couert of the wood,
I measuring his affections by my owne,
Which then most sought, where most might not be found:
Being one too many by my wearie selfe,
Pursued my humor, not pursuing his,
And gladly shunned, who gladly fled from me.
Mounta. Many a morning hath he there bin seene,

With

With teares augmenting the fresh mornings deawe,
Adding to cloudes, more clowdes with his deepe sighes,
But all so soone, as the alcheering Sunne,
Should in the farthest East begin to draw,
The shadie curtaines from *Auroras* bed,
Away from light steales home my heauie sonne,
And priuate in his Chamber pennes himselfe,
Shuts vp his windowes, locks faire day-light out,
And makes himselfe an artificiall night:
Blacke and portendous must this humor proue,
Vnlesse good counsell may the cause remoue.
Ben. My Noble Vncle do you know the cause?
Moun. I neither know it, nor can learne of him.
Ben. Haue you importunde him by any meanes?
Moun. Both by my selfe and many other friends,
But he is owne affections counseller,
Is to himselfe (I will not say how true)
But to himselfe so secret and so close,
So farre from sounding and discouerie,
As is the bud bit with an enuious worme,
Ere he can spread his sweete leaues to the ayre,
Or dedicate his bewtie to the same.
Could we but learne from whence his sorrows grow,
We would as willingly giue cure as know.

Enter Romeo.

Benu. See where he comes, so please you step aside,
Ile know his greeuance or be much denide.
Moun. I would thou wert so happie by thy stay,
To heare true shrift, come Madam lets away.

Exeunt.

Benuol. Good morrow Cousin.
Romeo. Is the day so young?
Ben. But new strooke nine.
Romeo. Ay me, sad houres seeme long:
Was that my father that went hence so fast?
Ben. It was: what sadnesse lengthens *Romeos* houres?

Rom. Noe

Ro. Not hauing that, which hauing, makes the ſhort.
Ben. In loue.
Rom. Out.
Ben. Of loue.
Rom. Out of her fauour where I am in loue.
Ben. Alas that loue ſo gentle in his view,
Should be ſo tirannous and rough in proofe.
Romeo. Alas that loue, whoſe view is muffled ſtill,
Should without eyes, ſee pathwaies to his will:
Where ſhall we dine? ô me! what fray was here?
Yet tell me not, for I haue heard it all:
Heres much to do with hate, but more with loue:
Why then ô brawling loue, ô louing hate,
O any thing of nothing firſt created:
O heauie lightneſſe, ſerious vanitie,
Miſhapen Chaos of welſeeing formes,
Feather of lead, bright ſmoke, cold fier, ſicke health,
Still waking ſleepe that is not what it is.
This loue feele I, that feele no loue in this,
Doeſt thou not laugh?
Benu. No Coze, I rather weepe.
Rom. Good hart at what?
Benu. At thy good harts oppreſſion.
Romeo. Why ſuch is loues tranſgreſſion:
Griefes of mine owne lie heauie in my breaſt,
Which thou wilt propogate to haue it preaſt,
With more of thine, this loue that thou haſt ſhowne,
Doth add more griefe, too too much of mine owne.
Loue is a ſmoke made with the fume of ſighes,
Being purgd, a fire ſparkling in louers eies,
Being vext, a ſea nouriſht with louing teares,
What is it elſe? a madneſſe, moſt diſcreete,
A choking gall, and a preſeruing ſweete:
Farewell my Coze.
Ben. Soft I will go along:
And if you leaue me ſo, you do me wrong:

Rom. Tut I haue loſt my ſelfe, I am not here,
This is not *Romeo*, hees ſome other where.
Ben. Tell me in ſadneſſe, who is that you loue?
Ro. What ſhall I grone and tell thee?
Ben. Grone, why no: but ſadly tell me who?
Ro. A ſicke man in ſadneſſe makes his will:
A word ill vrgd to one that is ſo ill:
In ſadneſſe Cozin, I do loue a woman.
Ben. I aymde ſo neare, when I ſuppoſde you lou'd.
Ro. A right good mark man, and ſhees faire I loue.
Ben. A right faire marke faire Coze is ſooneſt hit.
Romeo. Well in that hit you miſſe, ſheel not be hit
With *Cupids* arrow, ſhe hath *Dians* wit:
And in ſtrong prooſe of chaſtitie well armd,
From loues weak childiſh bow ſhe liues vncharmd.
Shee will not ſtay the ſiege of louing tearmes,
Nor bide th'incounter of aſſailing eies.
Nor ope her lap to ſainct ſeducing gold,
O ſhe is rich, in bewtie onely poore,
That when ſhe dies, with bewtie dies her ſtore.
Ben. Thē ſhe hath ſworn, that ſhe wil ſtil liue chaſte?
Ro. She hath, and in that ſparing, make huge waſte:
For bewtie ſteru'd with her ſeueritie,
Cuts bewtie off from all poſteritie.
She is too faire, too wiſe, wiſely too faire,
To merit bliſſe by making me diſpaire:
Shee hath forſworne to loue, and in that vow,
Do I liue dead, that liue to tell it now.
Ben. Be rulde by me, forget to thinke of her.
Ro. O teach me how I ſhould forget to thinke.
Ben. By giuing libertie vnto thine eyes,
Examine other bewties.
Ro. Tis the way to call hers (exquiſit) in queſtion more,
Theſe happie maskes that kis faire Ladies browes,
Being black, puts vs in mind they hide the faire:
He that is ſtrooken blind, cannot forget

The precious treaſure of his eye-ſight loſt,
Shew me a miſtreſſe that is paſſing faire,
What doth her bewtie ſerue but as a note,
Where I may reade who paſt that paſſing faire:
Farewel, thou canſt not teach me to forget,
Ben. Ile pay that doctrine, or elſe die in debt. *Exeunt.*
Enter Capulet, *Countie* Paris, *and the Clowne.*
Capu. But *Mountague* is bound as well as I,
In penaltie alike, and tis not hard I thinke,
For men ſo old as we to keepe the peace.
Par. Of honourable reckoning are you both,
And pittie tis, you liu'd at ods ſo long:
But now my Lord, what ſay you to my ſute?
Capu. But ſaying ore what I haue ſaid before,
My child is yet a ſtraunger in the world,
Shee hath not ſeene the chaunge of fourteen yeares,
Let two more Sommers wither in their pride,
Ere we may thinke her ripe to be a bride.
Pari. Younger then ſhe, are happie mothers made.
Capu. And too ſoone marde are thoſe ſo early made:
Earth hath ſwallowed all my hopes but ſhe,
Shees the hopefull Lady of my earth:
But wooe her gentle *Paris*, get her hart,
My will to her conſent, is but a part.
And ſhee agreed, within her ſcope of choiſe
Lyes my conſent, and faire according voyce:
This night I hold, an old accuſtomd feaſt,
Whereto I haue inuited many a gueſt:
Such as I loue, and you among the ſtore,
One more, moſt welcome makes my number more:
At my poore houſe, looke to behold this night,
Earthtreading ſtarres, that make darke heauen light:
Such comfort as do luſtie young men feele,
When well apparel'd Aprill on the heele,
Of limping winter treads, euen ſuch delight
Among freſh fennell buds ſhall you this night
Inherit at my houſe, heare all, all ſee:
And

And like her moſt, whoſe merit moſt ſhall bee:
Which one more view, of many, mine being one,
May ſtand in number, though in reckning none.
Come go with me, go ſirrah trudge about,
Through faire *Verona*, find thoſe perſons out,
Whoſe names are written there, and to them ſay,
My houſe and welcome, on their pleaſure ſtay.
Exit.

Seru. Find them out whoſe names are written. Here it is written, that the ſhoo-maker ſhould meddle with his yard, and the tayler with his laſt, the fiſher with his penſill, & the painter with his nets. But I am ſent to find thoſe perſons whoſe names are here writ, and can neuer find what names the writing perſon hath here writ (I muſt to the learned) in good time.
Enter Benuolio, *and* Romeo.
Ben. Tut man, one fire burnes out, an others burning,
One paine is leſned by an others anguiſh,
Turne giddie, and be holpe by backward turning:
One deſperate greefe, cures with an others languiſh:
Take thou ſome new infection to thy eye,
And the rancke poyſon of the old will dye.
Romeo. Your Plantan leafe is excellent for that.
Ben. For what I pray thee?
Romeo. For your broken ſhin.
Ben. Why *Romeo*, art thou mad?
Rom. Not mad, but bound more then a mad man is:
Shut vp in priſon, kept without my foode,
Whipt and tormented, and Godden good fellow.
Ser. Godgigoden, I pray ſir can you read?
Rom. I mine owne fortune in my miſerie.
Ser. Perhaps you haue learned it without booke:
But I pray can you read any thing you ſee?
Rom. I if I know the letters and the language.
Ser. Yee ſay honeſtly, reſt you merrie.
Rom. Stay fellow, I can read.

He reades the Letter.

Seigneur Martino, *& his wife and daughters: Countie* Anselme *and his bewtious sisters: the Lady widdow of* Vtruuio, *Seigneur* Placentio, *and his louely Neeces*: Mercutio *and his brother* Valentine: *mine Uncle* Capulet *his wife and daughters: my faire Neece* Rosaline, Liuia, *Seigneur* Valentio, *and his Cosen* Tybalt: Lucio *and the liuely* Hellena.

A faire assemblie, whither should they come?

Ser. Vp.

Ro. Whither to supper?

Ser. To our house.

Ro. Whose house?

Ser. My Maisters.

Ro. Indeed I should haue askt you that before.

Ser. Now ile tell you without asking. My maister is the great rich *Capulet*, and if you be not of the house of *Mountagues*, I pray come and crush a cup of wine. Rest you merrie.

Ben. At this same auncient feast of *Capulets*,
Sups the faire *Rosaline* whom thou so loues:
With all the admired beauties of *Verona*,
Go thither, and with vnattainted eye,
Compare her face with some that I shall show,
And I will make thee thinke thy swan a crow.

Ro. When the deuout religion of mine eye,
Maintaines such falshood, then turne teares to fier:
And these who often drownde, could neuer die,
Transparent Hereticques be burnt for liers.
One fairer then my loue, the all seeing Sun,
Nere saw her match, since first the world begun.

Ben. Tut you saw her faire none else being by,
Her selfe poysd with her selfe in either eye:
But in that Christall scales let there be waide,
Your Ladies loue against some other maide:
That I will shew you shining at this feast,
And she shall scant shew well that now seemes best.

Ro. Ile go along no such sight to be shown me,

But to reioyce in splendor of mine owne.

Enter Capulets *Wife and Nurse.*

Wife. Nurse wher's my daughter? call her forth to me.

Nurse. *Now by my maidenhead, at twelue yeare old I bad her come, what Lamb, what Ladie-bird, God forbid, Wheres this Girle? what* Iuliet.

Enter Iuliet.

Iuliet. How now who calls?

Nur. *Your mother.*

Iuli. Madam I am here, what is your will?

Wife. This is the matter. Nurse giue leaue a while, we must talk in secret. Nurse come backe againe, I haue remembred mee, thou'se heare our counsel. Thou knowest my daughters of a pretie age.

Nurse. *Faith I can tell her age vnto an houre.*

Wife. Shee's not fourteene.

Nurse. *Ile lay fourteene of my teeth, and yet to my teene be it spoken, I haue but foure, shees not fourteene.*
How long is it now to Lammas-tide?

Wife. A fortnight and odde dayes.

Nurse. *Euen or odde, of all daies in the yeare come* Lammas *Eue at night shall she be fourteen.* Susan *and she, God rest all Christian soules, were of an age. Well* Susan *is with God, she was too good for me: But as I said, on* Lammas *Eue at night shall she be fourteene, that shall shee marrie, I remember it well. Tis since the Earth-quake now eleuen yeares, and she was weand I neuer shall forget it, of all the daies of the yeare vpon that day: for I had then laide worme-wood to my dug, sitting in the sun vnder the Doue-house wall. My Lord and you were then at* Mantua, *nay I doo beare a braine. But as I said, when it did taste the worme-wood on the nipple of my dug, and felt it bitter, pretie foole, to see it teachie and fall out with the Dugge. Shake quoth the Doue-house, twas no need I trow to bid me trudge: and since that time it is a leuen yeares, for then she could stand by lone, nay by th roode she could haue run and wadled all about: for euen the day before she broke her brow, and then my husband, God be with*

his soule, a was a merrie man, tooke vp the child, yea quoth he, doest thou fall vpon thy face? thou wilt fall backward when thou hast more wit, wilt thou not Iule? *And by my holydam, the pretie wretch left crying, and said I: to see now how a iest shall come about: I warrant, and I should liue a thousand yeares, I neuer should forget it: wilt thou not* Iule *quoth he? and pretie foole it stinted, and said I.*

Old La. Inough of this, I pray thee hold thy peace.

Nurse. *Yes Madam, yet I cannot chuse but laugh, to thinke it should leaue crying, and say I: and yet I warrant it had vpon it brow, a bump as big as a young Cockrels stone: a perillous knock, and it cryed bitterly. Yea quoth my husband, fallst vpon thy face, thou wilt fall backward when thou commest to age: wilt thou not* Iule? *It stinted, and said I.*

Iuli. And stint thou too, I pray thee Nurse, say I.

Nurse. Peace I haue done: God marke thee too his grace, thou wast the prettiest babe that ere I nurst, and I might liue to see thee married once, I haue my wish.

Old La. Marrie, that marrie is the very theame
I came to talke of, tell me daughter *Iuliet*,
How stands your dispositions to be married?

Iuliet. It is an houre that I dreame not of.

Nurse. *An houre, were not I thine onely Nurse, I would say thou hadst suckt wisedome from thy teate.*

Old La. Well thinke of marriage now, yonger then you
Here in *Verona*, Ladies of esteeme,
Are made alreadie mothers by my count.
I was your mother, much vpon these yeares
That you are now a maide, thus then in briefe:
The valiant *Paris* seekes you for his loue.

Nurse. A man young Lady, Lady, such a man as all the world. Why hees a man of waxe.

Old La. Veronas Sommer hath not such a flower.

Nurse. *Nay hees a flower, in faith a very flower.*

Old La. What say you, can you loue the Gentleman?
This night you shall behold him at our feast,
Reade ore the volume of young *Paris* face,

And find delight, writ there with bewties pen,
Examine euery married liniament,
And see how one an other lends content:
And what obscurde in this faire volume lies,
Finde written in the margeant of his eyes.
This precious booke of loue, this vnbound louer,
To bewtifie him, onely lacks a Couer.
The fish liues in the sea, and tis much pride
For faire without the faire, within to hide:
That booke in manies eyes doth share the glorie
That in gold clasps locks in the golden storie:
So shall you share all that he doth possesse,
By hauing him, making your selfe no lesse.

Nurse. No lesse, nay bigger women grow by men.

Old La. Speake briefly, can you like of *Paris* loue?

Iuli. Ile looke to like, if looking liking moue.
But no more deepe will I endart mine eye,
Then your consent giues strength to make flie. *Enter Seruing.*

Ser. Madam the guests are come, supper seru'd vp, you cald, my young Lady askt for, the Nurse curst in the Pantrie, and euerie thing in extremitie: I must hence to wait, I beseech you follow straight.

Mo. We follow thee, *Iuliet* the Countie staies.

Nur. Go gyrle, seeke happie nights to happie dayes.

Exeunt.

Enter Romeo, Mercutio, Benuolio, *with fiue or sixe other Maskers, torchbearers.*

Romeo. What shall this speech be spoke for our excuse?
Or shall we on without apologie?

Ben. The date is out of such prolixitie,
Weele haue no *Cupid*, hudwinckt with a skarfe,
Bearing a Tartars painted bow of lath,
Skaring the Ladies like a Crowkeeper.
But let them measure vs by what they will,
Weele measure them a measure and be gone.

Rom. Giue me a torch, I am not for this ambling,

Being but heauie I will beare the light.
Mercu. Nay gẽtle *Romeo*, we muſt haue you dance.
Ro. Not I beleeue me, you haue dancing ſhooes
With nimble ſoles, I haue a ſoule of Leade
So ſtakes me to the ground I cannot moue.
Mer. You are a Louer, borrow *Cupids* wings,
And ſore with them aboue a common bound.
Rom. I am too ſore enpearced with his ſhaft,
To ſore with his light feathers, and ſo bound,
I cannot bound a pitch aboue dull woe,
Vnder loues heauie birthen do I ſincke.
Horatio. And to ſink in it ſhould you burthen loue,
Too great oppreſſion for a tender thing.
Rom. Is loue a tender thing? it is too rough,
Too rude, too boyſtrous, and it pricks like thorne.
Mer. If loue be rough with you, be rough with loue
Prick loue for pricking, and you beate loue downe,
Giue me a caſe to put my viſage in,
A viſor for a viſor, what care I
What curious eye doth cote deformities:
Here are the beetle browes ſhall bluſh for me.
Benu. Come knock and enter, and no ſooner in,
But euery man betake him to his legs.
Ro. A torch for me, let wantons light of heart
Tickle the ſenceleſſe ruſhes with their heeles:
For I am prouerbd with a graunſire phraſe,
Ile be a candle-holder and looke on,
The game was nere ſo faire, and I am dum.
Mer. Tut, duns the mouſe, the Conſtables own word:
If thou art dun, weele draw thee from the mire
Or ſaue you reuerence loue, wherein thou ſtickeſt
Vp to the eares, come we burne daylight ho.
Ro. Nay thats not ſo.
Mer. I meane ſir in delay
We waſte our lights in vaine, lights lights by day:
Take our good meaning, for our indgement ſits,

Fiue times in that, ere once in our fine wits.
Ro. And we meane well in going to this Maſk,
But tis no wit to go.
Mer. Why, may one aske?
Rom. I dreampt a dreame to night.
Mer. And ſo did I.
Ro. Well what was yours?
Mer. That dreamers often lie.
Ro. In bed aſleep while they do dream things true.
Mer. O then I ſee Queene Mab hath bin with you:
She is the Fairies mid wife, and ſhe comes in ſhape no bigger thẽ an Agot ſtone, on the forefinger of an Alderman, drawne with a teeme of little ottame, ouer mens noſes as they he aſleep: her waggõ ſpokes made of lõg ſpinners legs: the cõuer, of the wings of Grathoppers, her traces of the ſmalleſt ſpider web, her collors of the moonſhines watry beams, her whip of Crickets bone, the laſh of Philome, her waggoner, a ſmall grey coated Gnat, not half ſo big as a round litle worme, prickt from the lazie finger of a man. Her Charriot is an emptie Haſel nut, Made by the Ioyner ſquirrel or old Grub, time out amind, the Fairies Coatchmakers: and in this ſtate ſhe gallops night by night, throgh louers brains, and then they dreame of loue: On Courtiers knees, that dreame on Curſies ſtrait: ore Lawyers fingers who ſtrait dreame on fees, ore Ladies lips who ſtrait one kiſſes dream, which oft the angrie Mab with bliſters plagues, becauſe their breath with ſweete meates tainted are. Sometime ſhe gallops ore a Courtiers noſe, and then dreames he of ſmelling out a ſute: and ſometime comes ſhe with a tithpigs tale, tickling a Perſons noſe as a lies aſleepe, then he dreams of an other Benefice. Sometime ſhe driueth ore a ſouldiers neck, and then dreames he of cutting forrain throates, of breaches, ambuſcados, ſpaniſh blades: Of healths fiue fadome deepe, and then anon drums in his eare, at which he ſtarts and wakes, and being thus frighted, ſweares a praier or two, & ſleeps againe: this is that very Mab that plats the manes of horſes in the night: and bakes the Elklocks in foule ſluttiſh haires, which once vntangled, much misfortune bodes.

This is the hag, when maides lie on their backs,
That preſſes them and learnes them firſt to beare,
Making them women of good carriage:
This is ſhe.
Romeo. Peace, peace, *Mercutio* peace,
Thou talkſt of nothing.
Mer. True, I talke of dreames:
Which are the children of an idle braine,
Begot of nothing but vaine phantaſie:
Which is as thin of ſubſtance as the ayre,
And more inconſtant then the wind who wooes,
Euen now the frozen boſome of the North:
And being angerd puffes away from thence,
Turning his ſide to the dewe dropping South.
Ben. This wind you talk of, blows vs from our ſelues,
Supper is done, and we ſhall come too late.
Ro. I feare too earlie, for my mind miſgiues,
Some conſequence yet hanging in the ſtarres,
Shall bitterly begin his fearfull date,
With this nights reuels, and expire the terme
Of a deſpiſed life cloſde in my breſt:
By ſome vile forfeit of vntimely death.
But he that hath the ſtirrage of my courſe,
Direct my ſute, on luſtie Gentlemen.
Ben. Strike drum.

They march about the Stage, and Seruingmen come forth with Napkins.

Enter Romeo.

Ser. Wheres Potpan that he helpes not to take away?
He ſhift a trencher, he ſcrape a trencher?
1. When good manners ſhall he all in one or two mens hands
And they vnwaſht too, tis a foule thing.
Ser. Away with the ioynſtooles, remoue the Courtcubbert,
looke to the plate, good thou, ſaue me a peece of March-pane,
and as thou loues me, let the porter let in *Suſan Grindſtone*, and
Nell, Anthonie and *Potpan*.

2. I Boy

2. I boy readie.
Ser. You are lookt for, and cald for, askt for, and ſought for in the great chamber.
3. We cannot be here and there too, chearely boyes,
Be brisk a while, and the longer liuer take all.

Exeunt.

Enter all the gueſts and gentlewomen to the Maskers.

1. *Capu.* Welcome gentlemen, Ladies that haue their toes
Vnplagued with Cornes, will walke about with you:
Ah my miſteſſes, which of you all
Will now denie to daunce, ſhe that makes daintie,
She Ile ſwear hath Corns: am I come neare ye now?
Welcome gentlemen, I haue ſeene the day
That I haue worne a viſor and could tell
A whiſpering tale in a faire Ladies eare:
Such as would pleaſe: tis gone, tis gone, tis gone,
You are welcome, gentlemen come, Muſitions play.

Muſick playes and they dance.

A hall, a hall, giue roome, and foote it gyrles,
More light you knaues, and turne the tables vp:
And quench the fire, the roome is growne too hot.
Ah ſirrah, this vnlookt for ſport comes well:
Nay ſit, nay ſit, good Cozin *Capulet*,
For you and I are paſt our dauncing dayes:
How long iſt now ſince laſt your ſelfe and I
Were in a maske?
2. *Capu.* Berlady thirtie yeares.
1. *Capu.* What man tis not ſo much, tis not ſo much,
Tis ſince the nuptiall of *Lucientio*:
Come Pentycoſt as quickly as it will,
Some fiue and twentie yeares, and then we maskt.
2. *Capu.* Tis more, tis more, his ſonne is elder ſir:
His ſonne is thirtie.
1. *Capu.* Will you tell me that?
His ſonne was but a ward 2. yeares ago.

Romeo. What

Ro. What Ladies that which doth enrich the hand
Of yonder Knight?
Ser. I know not ſir.
Ro. O ſhe doth teach the torches to burn bright:
It ſeemes ſhe hangs vpon the cheeke of night:
As a rich Iewel in an Ethiops eare,
Beawtie too rich for vſe, for earth too deare:
So ſhowes a ſnowie Doue trooping with Crowes,
As yonder Lady ore her fellowes ſhowes:
The meaſure done, Ile watch her place of ſtand,
And touching hers, make bleſſed my rude hand.
Did my hart loue till now, forſweare it ſight,
For I nere ſaw true beawtie till this night.
Tibal. This by his voyce, ſhould be a *Mountague*.
Fetch me my Rapier boy, what dares the ſlaue
Come hither couerd with an anticque face,
To fleere and ſcorne at our ſolemnitie?
Now by the ſtocke and honor of my kin,
To ſtrike him dead, I hold it not a ſin.
Capu. Why how now kinsman, wherefore ſtorme
Tib. Vncle, this is a *Mountague* our foe: (you ſo
A villaine that is hither come in ſpight,
To ſcorne at our ſolemnitie this night.
Cap. Young *Romeo* is it.
Tib. Tis he, that villaine *Romeo*.
Capu. Content thee gentle Coze, let him alone,
A beares him like a portly Gentleman:
And to ſay truth, *Verona* brags of him,
To be a vertuous and welgouernd youth,
I would not for the wealth of all this Towne,
Here in my houſe do him diſparagement:
Therefore be patient, take no note of him,
It is my will, the which if thou reſpect,
Shew a faire preſence, and put off theſe frownes,
An ill beſeeming ſemblance for a feaſt.
Tib. It fits when ſuch a villaine is a gueſt,

Ile not endure him.
Capu. He ſhall be endured.
What goodman boy, I ſay he ſhall, go too,
Am I the maſter here or you? go too.
Youle not endure him, god ſhall mend my ſoule,
Youle make a mutinie among my gueſts:
You wil ſet cock a hoope, youle be the man.
Ti. Why Vncle, tis a ſhame.
Capu. Go too, go too,
You are a ſawcie boy, iſt ſo indeed?
This trick may chance to ſcath you I know what,
You muſt contrarie me, marrie tis time,
Well ſaid my hearts, you are a princox, go,
Be quiet, or more light, more light for ſhame,
Ile make you quiet (what) chearely my hearts.
Ti. Patience perforce, with wilfull choller meeting,
Makes my fleſh tremble in their different greeting:
I will withdraw, but this intruſion ſhall
Now ſeeming ſweet, conuert to bittreſt gall. *Exit.*
Ro. If I prophane with my vnworthieſt hand,
This holy ſhrine, the gentle ſin is this,
My lips two bluſhing Pylgrims did readie ſtand,
To ſmoothe that rough touch with a tender kis.
Iu. Good Pilgrim you do wrõg your hãd too much
Which mannerly deuocion ſhowes in this,
For ſaints haue hands, that Pilgrims hands do tuch,
And palme to palme is holy Palmers kis.
Ro. Haue not Saints lips and holy Palmers too?
Iuli. I Pilgrim, lips that they muſt vſe in praire.
Rom. O then deare Saint, let lips do what hands do,
They pray (grant thou) leaſt faith turne to diſpaire.
Iu. Saints do not moue, thogh grant for praiers ſake.
Ro. Then moue not while my praiers effect I take,
Thus from my lips, by thine my ſin is purgd.
Iu. Thẽ haue my lips the ſin that they haue tooke.
Ro. Sin from my lips, ô treſpas ſweetly vrgd:

Giue me my ſin againe.
Iuli. Youe kiſſe bith booke.
Nur. Madam your mother craues a word with you.
Ro. What is her mother?
Nurſ. Marrie Batcheler,
Her mother is the Lady of the houſe,
And a good Ladie, and a wiſe and vertuous,
I Nurſt her daughter that you talkt withall:
I tell you, he that can lay hold of her
Shall haue the chincks.
Ro. Is ſhe a *Capulet*?
O deare account! my life is my foes debt.
Ben. Away begon, the ſport is at the beſt.
Ro. I ſo I feare, the more is my vnreſt.
Capu. Nay gentlemen prepare not to be gone,
We haue a trifling fooliſh banquet towards:
Is it ene ſo? why then I thanke you all.
I thanke you honeſt gentlemen, good night:
More torches here, come on, then lets to bed.
Ah ſirrah, by my faie it waxes late,
Ile to my reſt.
Iuli. Come hither Nurſe, what is yond gentleman?
Nurſ. The ſonne and heire of old *Tyberio*.
Iuli. Whats he that now is going out of doore?
Nur. Marrie that I thinke be young *Petruchio*.
Iu. Whats he that follows here that wold not dace?
Nur. I know not.
Iuli. Go aske his name, if he be married,
My graue is like to be my wedding bed.
Nurſ. His name is *Romeo*, and a *Mountague*,
The onely ſonne of your great enemie.
Iuli. My onely loue ſprung from my onely hate,
Too earlie ſeene, vnknowne, and knowne too late,
Prodigious birth of loue it is to mee,
That I muſt loue a loathed enemie.
Nurſ. Whats tis? whats tis

Iu. A rime I learnt euen now
Of one I danct withall.
One cals within Iuliet.
Nurſ. Anon, anon:
Come lets away, the ſtrangers all are gone.
Exeunt.

Chorus.

Now old deſire doth in his deathbed lie,
And young affection gapes to be his heire,
That faire for which loue gronde for and would die,
With tender *Iuliet* match, is now not faire.
Now *Romeo* is beloued, and loues againe,
Alike bewitched by the charme of lookes:
But to his foe ſuppoſd he muſt complaine,
And ſhe ſteale loues ſweete bait from fearful hookes:
Being held a foe, he may not haue acceſſe
To breathe ſuch vowes as louers vſe to ſweare,
And ſhe as much in loue, her meanes much leſſe,
To meete her new beloued any where:
But paſſion lends them power, time meanes to meete,
Tempring extremities with extreeme ſweete.

Enter Romeo *alone.*

Ro. Can I go forward when my heart is here,
Turne backe dull earth and find thy Center out.

Enter Benuolio *with* Mercutio.

Ben. *Romeo*, my Coſen *Romeo*, *Romeo*.
Mer. He is wiſe, and on my life hath ſtolne him home to bed.
Ben. He ran this way and leapt this Orchard wall,
Call good *Mercutio*:
Nay Ile coniure too.
Mer. *Romeo*, humours, madman, paſſion louer,
Appeare thou in the likeneſſe of a ſigh,
Speake but on rime and I am ſatisfied:
Crie but ay me, prouaunt, but loue and day,
Speake to my goſhip *Venus* one faire word,
One nickname for her purblind ſonne and her,

Young *Abraham*: *Cupid* he that shot so true,
When King *Cophetua* lou'd the begger mayd.
He heareth not, he stirreth not, he moueth not,
The Ape is dead, and I must coniure him.
I coniure thee by *Rosalines* bright eyes,
By her high forehead, and her Scarlet lip,
By her fine foot, straight leg, and quiuering thigh,
And the demeanes, that there adiacent lie,
That in thy likenesse thou appeare to vs.

Ben. And if he heare thee thou wilt anger him.

Mer. This cannot anger him, twould anger him
To raise a spirit in his mistresse circle,
Of some strange nature, letting it there stand
Till she had laid it, and coniured it downe,
That were some spight.
My inuocation is faire & honest, in his mistres name,
I coniure onely but to raise vp him.

Ben. Come, he hath hid himselfe among these trees
To be consorted with the humerous night.
Blind is his loue, and best befits the darke.

Mer. If loue be blind, loue cannot hit the marke,
Now will he sit vnder a Medler tree,
And wish his mistresse were that kind of fruite,
As maides call Medlers, when they laugh alone.
O *Romeo* that she were, ô that she were
An open, or thou a Poprin Peare:
Romeo goodnight, ile to my truckle bed,
This field-bed is too cold for me to sleepe,
Come shall we go?

Ben. Go then, for tis in vaine to seeke him here
That meanes not to be found. *Exit.*

Ro. He iests at scarres that neuer felt a wound,
But soft, what light through yonder window breaks?
It is the East, and *Iuliet* is the Sun.
Arise faire Sun and kill the enuious Moone,
Who is already sicke and pale with greefe,

That

That thou her maide art far more faire then she:
Be not her maide since she is enuious,
Her vestall liuery is but sicke and greene,
And none but fooles do weare it, cast it off:
It is my Lady, ô it is my loue, ô that she knew she wer,
She speakes, yet she saies nothing, what of that?
Her eye discourses, I will answere it:
I am too bold, tis not to me she speakes:
Two of the fairest starres in all the heauen,
Hauing some busines to entreate her eyes,
To twinckle in their spheres till they returne.
What if her eyes were there, they in her head,
The brightnesse of her cheek wold shame those stars,
As day-light doth a lampe, her eye in heauen,
Would through the ayrie region streame so bright,
That birds would sing, and thinke it were not night:
See how she leanes her cheeke vpon her hand.
O that I were a gloue vpon that hand,
That I might touch that cheeke.

Iu. Ay me.

Ro. She speakes.
Oh speake againe bright Angel, for thou art
As glorious to this night being ore my head,
As is a winged messenger of heauen
Vnto the white vpturned wondring eyes,
Of mortalls that fall backe to gaze on him,
When he bestrides the lazie puffing Cloudes,
And sayles vpon the bosome of the ayre.

Iuli. O *Romeo*, *Romeo*, wherefore art thou *Romeo*?
Denie thy father and refuse thy name:
Or if thou wilt not, be but sworne my loue,
And ile no longer be a *Capulet*.

Ro. Shall I heare more, or shall I speake at this?

Iu. Tis but thy name that is my enemie:
Thou art thy selfe, though not a *Mountague*,
Whats *Mountague*? it is nor hand nor foote,

Nor

Nor arme nor face, ô be some other name
Belonging to a man.
Whats in a name that which we call a rose,
By any other word would smell as sweete,
So *Romeo* would wene he not *Romeo* cald,
Retaine that deare perfection which he owes,
Without that tytle, *Romeo* doffe thy name,
And for thy name which is no part of thee,
Take all my selfe.
Ro. I take thee at thy word:
Call me but loue, and Ile be new baptizde,
Henceforth I neuer will be *Romeo*.
Iuli. What man art thou, that thus beschreend in night
So stumblest on my counsell?
Ro. By a name, I know not how to tell thee who I am:
My name deare saint, is hatefull to my selfe,
Because it is an enemie to thee,
Had I it written, I would teare the word.
Iuli. My eares haue yet not drunk a hundred words
Of thy tongus uttering, yet I know the sound.
Art thou not *Romeo*, and a *Mountague*?
Ro. Neither faire maide, if either thee dislike.
Iuli. How camest thou hither, tel me, and wherfore?
The Orchard walls are high and hard to climbe,
And the place death, considering who thou art,
If any of my kinsmen find thee here.
Ro. With loues light wings did I orepearch these walls,
For stonie limits cannot hold loue out,
And what loue can do, that dares loue attempt:
Therefore thy kinsmen are no stop to me.
Iu. If they do see thee, they will murther thee.
Ro. Alack there lies more perill in thine eye,
Then twentie of their swords, looke thou but sweete,
And I am proofe against their enmitie.
Iuli. I would not for the world they saw thee here.

Ro. I haue nights cloake to hide me frō their eies,
And but thou loue me, let them finde me here,
My life were better ended by their hate,
Then death proroged wanting of thy loue.
Iu. By whose direction foundst thou out this place?
Ro. By loue that first did promp me to enquire,
He lent me counsell, and I lent him eyes:
I am no Pylat, yet wert thou as farre
As that vast shore washeth with the farthest sea,
I should aduenture for such marchandise.
Iu. Thou knowest the mask of night is on my face,
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheeke,
For that which thou hast heard me speake to night,
Faine would I dwell on forme, faine, faine, denie
What I haue spoke, but farwell complement.
Doest thou loue me? I know thou wilt say I:
And I will take thy word, yet if thou swearst,
Thou maiest proue false at louers periuries.
They say *Ioue* laughes, oh gentle *Romeo*,
If thou dost loue, pronounce it faithfully:
Or if thou thinkest I am too quickly wonne,
Ile frowne and be peruerse, and say thee nay,
So thou wilt wooe, but else not for the world,
In truth faire *Montague* I am too fond:
And therefore thou maiest think my behauior light,
But trust me gentleman, ile proue more true,
Then those that haue coying to be strange,
I should haue bene more strange, I must confesse,
But that thou ouerheardst ere I was ware,
My truloue passion, therefore pardon me,
And not impute this yeelding to light loue,
Which the darke night hath so discouered.
Ro. Lady, by yonder blessed Moone I vow,
That tips with siluer all these frute tree tops.
Iu. O swear not by the moone th'inconstant moone,
That monethly changes in her circle orbe,

Least that thy loue proue likewise variable.
Ro. What shall I sweare by?
Iu. Do not sweare at all:
Or if thou wilt, sweare by thy gracious selfe,
Which is the god of my Idolatrie,
And Ile beleeue thee.
Ro. If my hearts deare loue.
Iu. Well do not sweare, although I ioy in thee:
I haue no ioy of this contract to night,
It is too rash, too vnaduisd, too sudden,
Too like the lightning which doth cease to bee,
Ere one can say, it lightens, sweete goodnight:
This bud of loue by Sommers ripening breath,
May proue a bewtious floure when next we meete,
Goodnight, goodnight, as sweete repose and rest,
Come to thy heart, as that within my brest.
Ro. O wilt thou leaue me so vnsatisfied?
Iuli. What satisfaction canst thou haue to night?
Ro. Th'exchange of thy loues faithful vow for mine.
Iu. I gaue thee mine before thou didst request it:
And yet I would it were to giue againe.
Ro. Would'st thou withdraw it, for what purpose loue?
Iu. But to be franke and giue it thee againe,
And yet I wish but for the thing I haue,
My bountie is as boundlesse as the sea,
My loue as deepe, the more I giue to thee
The more I haue, for both are infinite:
I heare some noyse within, deare loue adue:
Anon good nurse, sweete *Mountague* be true:
Stay but a little, I will come againe.
Ro. O blessed blessed night, I am afeard
Being in night, all this is but a dreame,
Too flattering sweete to be substantiall.
Iu. Three words deare *Romeo*, & goodnight indeed,
If that thy bent of loue be honourable,
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to morrow,

By one that ile procure to come to thee,
Where and what time thou wilt performe the right,
And all my fortunes at thy foote ile lay,
And follow thee my L. throughout the world. Madam.
I come, anon: but if thou meanest not well,
I do beseech thee (by and by I come) Madam.
To cease thy strife, and leaue me to my griefe,
To morrow will I send.
Ro. So thriue my soule.
Iu. A thousand times goodnight.
Ro. A thousand times the worse to want thy light,
Loue goes toward loue as schooleboyes from their bookes,
But loue from loue, toward schoole with heauie lookes.

Enter Iuliet *againe.*

Iuli. Hist *Romeo* hist, o for a falkners voyce,
To lure this Tassel gentle back againe,
Bondage is hoarse, and may not speake aloude,
Else would I teare the Caue where Eccho lies,
And make her ayrie tongue more hoarse, then
With repetition of my *Romeo*.
Ro. It is my soule that calls vpon my name.
How siluer sweete, sound louers tongues by night,
Like softest musicke to attending eares.
Iu. Romeo.
Ro. My Neece.
Iu. What a clocke to morrow
Shall I send to thee?
Ro. By the houre of nine.
Iu. I will not faile, tis twentie yeare till then,
I haue forgot why I did call thee backe.
Ro. Let me stand here till thou remember it.
Iu. I shall forget to haue thee still stand there,
Remembring how I loue thy companie.
Ro. And Ile still stay, to haue thee still forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.
Iu. Tis almost morning, I would haue thee gone,
And yet no farther then a wantons bird,

That lets it hop a litle from his hand,
Like a poore prisoner in his twisted gives,
And with a silken threed, plucks it backe againe,
So louing Iealous of his libertie.
Ro. I would I were thy bird.
Iu. Sweete so would I,
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing:
Good night, good night.
Parting is such sweete sorrow,
That I shall say good night, till it be morrow.
Iu. Sleep dwel vpon thine eyes, peace in thy breast.
Ro. Would I were sleepe and peace so sweet to rest
The grey eyde morne smiles on the frowning night,
Checkring the Easterne Clouds with streaks of light,
And darknesse fleckted like a drunkard reeles,
From forth daies pathway, made by *Tytans* wheeles.
Hence will I to my ghostly Frier close cell,
His helpe to craue, and my deare hap to tell. *Exit.*

Enter Frier alone with a basket.

Fri. The grey-eyed morne smiles on the frowning night,
Checking the Easterne clowdes with streaks of light:
And fleckeld darknesse like a drunkard reeles,
From forth daies path, and *Titans* burning wheeles:
Now ere the sun aduance his burning eie,
The day to cheere, and nights dancke dewe to drie,
I must vpfill this osier cage of ours,
With balefull weedes, and precious iuyced flowers,
The earth that's natures mother is her tombe,
What is her burying graue, that is her wombe:
And from her wombe children of diuers kinde,
We sucking on her naturall bosome finde:
Many for many, vertues excellent:
None but for some, and yet all different.
O mickle is the powerfull grace that lies
In Plants, hearbes, stones, and their true quallities:

For nought so vile, that on the earth doth liue,
But to the earth some speciall good doth giue:
Nor ought so good but straind from that faire vse,
Reuolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse.
Vertue it selfe turnes vice being misapplied,
And vice sometime by action dignified.

Enter Romeo.

Within the infant rinde of this weake flower
Poy son hath residence, and medicine power:
For this being smelt with that part, cheares each part,
Being tasted, slaies all sences with the hart.
Two such opposed Kings encamp them still,
In man as well as hearbes, grace and rude will:
And where the worser is predominant,
Full soone the Canker death eates vp that Plant.
Ro. Goodmorrow father.
Fri. Benedicitie.
What early tongue so sweete saluteth me?
Young sonne, it argues a distempered hed,
So soone to bid goodmorrow to thy bed:
Care keepes his watch in euery old mans eye,
And where care lodges, sleepe will neuer lye:
But where vnbrused youth with vnstuft braine
Doth couch his lims, there golden sleepe doth raigne.
Therefore thy earlinesse doth me assure,
Thou art vprousd with some distemprature:
Or if not so, then here I hit it right,
Our *Romeo* hath not bene in bed to night.
Ro. That last is true, the sweeter rest was mine.
Fri. God pardon sin, wast thou with *Rosaline*?
Ro. With *Rosaline*, my ghostly father no,
I haue forgot that name, and that names wo.
Fri. Thats my good son, but wher hast thou bin thē?
Ro. Ile tell thee ere thou aske it me agen:
I haue bene feasting with mine enemie,
Where on a sudden one hath wounded me:

Thats by me wounded both, our remedies
Within thy helpe and holy phiſicke lies:
I beare no hatred bleſſed man: for loe
My interceſſion likewiſe ſteads my foe.
Fri. Be plaine good ſonne and homely in thy drift,
Ridling confeſſion, findes but ridling ſhrift.
Ro. Then plainly know my harts deare loue is ſet
On the faire daughter of rich *Capulet*:
As mine on hers, ſo hers is ſet on mine,
And all combind, ſaue what thou muſt combine
By holy marriage, when and where, and how,
We met, we wooed, and made exchange of vow:
Ile tell thee as we paſſe, but this I pray,
That thou conſent to marrie vs to day.
Fri. Holy S. *Frauncis* what a change is here?
Is *Roſaline* that thou didſt loue ſo deare,
So ſoone forſaken? yonng mens loue then lies
Not truly in their hearts, but in their eies.
Ieſu *Maria*, what a deale of brine
Hath waſht thy ſallow cheekes for *Roſaline*?
How much ſalt water throwne away in waſte,
To ſeaſon loue, that of it doth not taſte.
The Sun not yet thy ſighes, from heauen cleares
Thy old grones yet ringing in mine auncient eares:
Lo here vpon thy cheeke the ſtaine doth ſit,
Of an old teare that is not waſht off yet.
If ere thou waſt thy ſelfe, and theſe woes thine,
Thou and theſe woes were all for *Roſaline*.
And art thou chang'd, pronounce this ſentence then,
Women may fall, when theres no ſtrength in men.
Ro. Thou chidſt me oft for louing *Roſaline*.
Fri. For doting, not for louing pupill mine.
Ro. And badſt me burie loue.
Fri. Not in a graue,
To lay one in an other out to haue.
Ro. I pray thee chide me not, her I loue now.

Doth grace for grace, and loue for loue allow:
The other did not ſo.
Fri. O ſhe knew well,
Thy loue did reade by rote, that could not ſpell:
But come young wauerer, come go with me,
In one reſpect ile thy aſſiſtant be:
For this alliance may ſo happie proue,
To turne your houſholds rancor to pure loue.
Ro. O let vs hence, I ſtand on ſudden haſt.
Fri. Wiſely and ſlow, they ſtumble that run faſt.

Exeunt.

Enter Benuolio *and* Mercutio.

Mer. Where the deule ſhould this *Romeo* be? came hee not home to night?
Ben. Not to his fathers, I ſpoke with his man.
Mer. Why that ſame pale hard hearted wench, that *Roſaline*, Torments him ſo, that he will ſure run mad.
Ben. Tibalt, the kiſman to old *Capulet*, hath ſent a leter to his fathers houſe.
Mer. A challenge on my life.
Ben. Romeo will anſwere it.
Mer. Any man that can write may anſwere a letter.
Ben. Nay, he wil anſwere the letters maiſter how he dares, being dared.
Mercu. Alas poore *Romeo*, he is alreadie dead, ſtabd with a white wenches blacke eye, runne through the eare with a loue ſong, the very pinne of his heart, cleft with the blinde bowe-boyes but-ſhaft, and is hee a man to encounter *Tybalt*?
Ro. Why what is *Tybalt*?
Mer. More then Prince of Cats. Oh hees the couragious captain of Complements: he fights as you ſing prickſong, keeps time, diſtance & proportion, he reſts, his minum reſts, one two, and the third in your boſome: the very butcher of a ſilke button, a dualiſt a dualiſt, a gentleman of the very firſt houſe of the

first and second cause, ah the immortall Passado, the Punto reuerso, the Hay.

Ben. The what?

Mer. The Pox of such antique lisping affecting phantacies, these new tuners of accent: by Iesu a very good blade, a very tall man, a very good whore. Why is not this a lamētable thing graundsir, that we should be thus afflicted with these straunge flies: these fashion-mongers, these pardons mees, who stand so much on the new forme, that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench. O their bones, their bones.

Enter Romeo.

Ben. Here Comes *Romeo*, here comes *Romeo*.

Mer. Without his Roe, like a dried Hering, O flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified? now is he for the numbers that Petrach flowed in: *Laura* to his Lady, was a kitchin wench, marrie she had a better loue to berime her: Dido a dowdie, Cleopatra a Gipsie, *Hellen* and *Hero*, hildings and harlots: *Thisbie* a grey eye or so, but not to the purpose. Signior *Romeo*, *Bonieur*, theres a French salutation to your French slop: you gaue vs the counterfeit fairly last night.

Ro. Goodmorrow to you both, what counterfeit did I giue you?

Mer. The slip sir, the slip, can you not conceiue?

Ro. Pardon good *Mercutio*, my businesse was great, and in such a case as mine, a man may straine curtesie.

Mer. Thats as much as to say, such a case as yours, constrains a man to bow in the hams.

Ro. Meaning to curtsie.

Mer. Thou hast most kindly hit it.

Ro. A most curtuous exposition.

Mer. Nay I am the very pinck of curtesie.

Ro. Pinck for flower.

Mer. Right.

Ro. Why then is my pump well flowerd.

Mer. Sure wit follow me this ieast, now till thou hast worne out thy pūmp, that when the single sole of it is worne, the ieast may remaine after the wearing, sole singular.

Ro. O

Ro. O single soled ieast, solie singular for the singlenesse.

Mer. Come betweene vs good *Benuolio*, my wits faints.

Ro. Swits and spurs, swits and spurres, or ile crie a match.

Mer. Nay, if our wits run the wildgoose chase, I am done: For thou hast more of the wildgoose in one of thy wits, then I am sure I haue in my whole fiue. Was I with you there for the goose?

Ro. Thou wast neuer with me for any thing, when thou wast not there for the goose.

Mer. I will bite thee by the eare for that ieast.

Rom. Nay good goose bite not.

Mer. Thy wit is a very bitter sweeting, it is a most sharp sawce.

Rom. And is it not then well seru'd in to a sweete goose?

Mer. Oh heres a wit of Cheuerell, that stretches from an inch narrow, to an ell broad.

Ro. I stretch it out for that word broad, which added to the goose, proues thee farre and wide a broad goose.

Mer. Why is not this better now then groning for loue, now art thou sociable, now art thou *Romeo*: now art thou what thou art, by art as well as by nature, for this driueling loue is like a great natural that runs lolling vp and downe to hide his bable in a hole.

Ben. Stop there, stop there.

Mer. Thou desirest me to stop in my tale against the haire.

Ben. Thou wouldst else haue made thy tale large.

Mer. O thou art deceiu'd; I would haue made it short, for I was come to the whole depth of my tale, and meant indeed to occupie the argument no longer.

Ro. Heeres goodly geare. *Enter Nurse and her man.* A sayle, a sayle.

Mer. Two two, a shert and a smocke.

Nur. Peter:

Peter. Anon.

Nur. My fan *Peter*.

Mer. Good *Peter* to hide her face, for her fans the fairer face.

Nur. God ye goodmorrow Gentlemen.

 Mer. God

Mer. God ye goodden faire gentlewoman.

Nur. Is it good den?

Mer. Tis no leſſe I tell yee, for the bawdie hand of the dyal, is now vpon the prick of noone.

Nur. Out vpon you, what a man are you?

Ro. One gentlewoman, that God hath made, himſelf to mar.

Nur. By my troth it is well ſaid, for himſelfe to mar quoth'a? Gētleme cā any of you tel me wher I may find the yong *Romeo*?

Ro. I can tell you, but young *Romeo* will be older when you haue found him, then he was when you ſought him: I am the youngeſt of that name, for fault of a worſe.

Nur. You ſay well.

Mer. Yea is the worſt wel, very wel took, ifaith, wiſely, wiſely.

Nur. If you be he ſir, I deſire ſome confidence with you.

Ben. She will endite him to ſome ſupper.

Mer. A baud, a baud, a baud. So ho.

Ro. What haſt thou found?

Mer. No hare ſir, vnleſſe a hare ſir in a lenten pie, that is ſomething ſtale and hoare ere it be ſpent.

An old hare hoare, and an old hare hoare is very good meate in lent.

But a hare that is hore, is too much for a ſcore, when it hores ere it be ſpent.

Romeo, will you come to your fathers? weele to dinner thither.

Ro. I will follow you.

Mer. Farewell auncient Lady, farewell Lady, Lady, Lady.

Exeunt.

Nur. I pray you ſir, what ſawcie merchant was this that was ſo full of his roperie?

Ro. A gentleman Nurſe, that loues to heare himſelfe talke, and will ſpeake more in a minute, then hee will ſtand too in a moneth.

Nur. And a ſpeake any thing againſt me, Ile take him downe, and a were luſtier then he is, and twentie ſuch Iacks: and if I cannot, ile finde thoſe that ſhall: ſcuruie knaue, I am none of his flurt gills, I am none of his skaines mates, and thou muſt ſtand

ſtand by too and ſuffer euery knaue to vſe me at his pleaſure.

Pet. I ſaw no man vſe you at his pleaſure: if I had, my weapon ſhould quickly haue bin out: I warrant you, I dare draw aſſoone as an other man, if I ſee occaſion in a good quarel, & the law on my ſide.

Nur. Now afore God, I am ſo vext, that euery part about me quiuers, skuruie knaue: pray you ſir a word: and as I told you, my young Lady bid me enquire you out, what ſhe bid me ſay, I will keepe to my ſelfe: but firſt let me tell ye, if ye ſhould leade her in a fooles paradiſe, as they ſay, it were a very groſſe kind of behauior as they ſay: for the Gentlewoman is yong: and therefore, if you ſhould deale double with her, truly it were an ill thing to be offred to any Gentlewoman, and very weake dealing.

Rom. Nurſe, commend me to thy Lady and Miſtreſſe, I proteſt vnto thee.

Nur. Good heart, and yfaith I wil tel her as much: Lord, Lord, ſhe will be a ioyfull woman.

Ro. What wilt thou tell her Nurſe? thou doeſt not marke me?

Nur. I will tell her ſir, that you do proteſt, which as I take it, is a gentlemanlike offer.

Ro. Bid her deuiſe ſome means to come to ſhrift this afternoon,
And there ſhe ſhall at Frier *Lawrence* Cell
Be ſhrieued and married: here is for thy paines.

Nur. No truly ſir not a penny.

Ro. Go too, I ſay you ſhall.

Nur. This afternoone ſir, well ſhe ſhall be there.

Ro. And ſtay good Nurſe behinde the Abbey wall,
Within this houre my man ſhall be with thee,
And bring thee cordes made like a tackled ſtayre,
Which to the high topgallant of my ioy,
Muſt be my conuoy in the ſecret night.
Farewell be truſtie, and ile quit thy paines:
Farewel, commend me to thy Miſtreſſe.

Nur. Now

Nur. Now God in heauen bleſſe thee, harke you ſir.

Ro. What ſaiſt thou my deare Nurſe?

Nur. Is your man ſecret, did you nere here ſay, two may keep counſell putting one away.

Ro. Warrant thee my mans as true as ſteele.

Nur. Well ſir, my Miſtreſſe is the ſweeteſt Lady, Lord, Lord, when twas a litle prating thing. O there is a Noble man in town one *Paris*, that would faine lay knife aboord: but ſhe good ſoule had as leeue ſee a tode, a very tode as ſee him: I anger her ſometimes, and tell her that *Paris* is the properer man, but ile warrant you, when I ſay ſo, ſhe lookes as pale as any clout in the verſall world, doth not Roſemarie and *Romeo* begin both with a letter?

Ro. I Nurſe, what of that? Both with an *R*.

Nur. A mocker thats the dog, name *R.* is for the no, I know it begins with ſome other letter, and ſhe hath the prettieſt ſententious of it, of you and Roſemarie, that it would do you good to heare it.

Ro. Commend me to thy Lady.

Nur. I a thouſand times *Peter*.

Pet. Anon.

Nur. Before and apace. *Exit.*

Enter Iuliet.

Iu. The clocke ſtrooke nine when I did ſend the Nurſe,
In halfe an houre ſhe promiſed to returne,
Perchance ſhe cannot meete him, thats not ſo:
Oh ſhe is lame, loues heraulds ſhould be thoughts,
Which ten times faſter glides then the Suns beames,
Driuing backe ſhadowes ouer lowring hills.
Therefore do nimble piniond doues draw loue,
And therefore hath the wind ſwift *Cupid* wings:
Now is the Sun vpon the highmoſt hill,
Of this dayes iourney, and from nine till twelue,
Is there long houres, yet ſhe is not come,
Had ſhe affections and warme youthfull bloud,

She would be as ſwift in motion as a ball,
My words would bandie her to my ſweete loue.

M. And his to me, but old folks, many fain as they wer dead,
Vnwieldie, ſlowe, heauie, and pale as lead.

Enter Nurſe.

O God ſhe comes, ô hony Nurſe what newes?
Haſt thou met with him? ſend thy man away.

Nur. Peter ſtay at the gate.

Iu. Now good ſweete *Nurſe*, O Lord, why lookeſt thou ſad?
Though newes be ſad, yet tell them merily.
If good, thou ſhameſt the muſicke of ſweete newes,
By playing it to me, with ſo ſower a face.

Nur. I am a wearie, giue me leaue a while,
Fie how my bones ake, what a iaunce haue I?

Iu. I would thou hadſt my bones, and I thy newes:
Nay come I pray thee ſpeake, good good Nurſe ſpeake.

Nur. Ieſu what haſte, can you not ſtay a while?
Do you not ſee that I am out of breath?

Iu. How art thou out of breath, when thou haſt breath
To ſay to me, that thou art out of breath?
The excuſe that thou doeſt make in this delay,
Is longer then the tale thou doeſt excuſe.
Is thy newes good or bad? anſwere to that,
Say either, and ile ſtay the circumſtance:
Let me be ſatisfied, iſt good or bad?

Nur. Well, you haue made a ſimple choyſe, you know not how to chuſe a man: *Romeo*, no not he though his face be better then any mans, yet his leg excels all mens, and for a hand and a foote and a body, though they be not to be talkt on, yet they are paſt compare: he is not the flower of curteſie, but ile warrant him, as gentle as a lamme: go thy wayes wench, ſerue God. What haue you dinde at home?

Iu. No, no. But all this did I know before.
What ſayes he of our marriage, what of that?

Nur. Lord how my head akes, what a head haue I?
It beates as it would fall in twentie peeces.

My back a tother side, a my backe; my backe:
Beshrewe your heart for sending me about
To catch my death with iaunsing vp and downe.
Iu. I faith I am sorrie that thou art not well.
Sweete, sweete, sweete Nurse, tell me what sayes my loue?
Nur. Your loue sayes like an honest gentleman,
An a Courteous, and a kinde, and a handsome,
And I warrant a vertuous, where is your mother?
Iu. Where is my mother, why she is within, wher should she be?
How odly thou repliest:
Your loue sayes like an honest gentleman,
Where is your mother?
Nur. O Gods lady deare,
Are you so hot, marrie come vp I trow,
Is this the poultis for my aking bones:
Henceforward do your messages your selfe.
Iu. Heres such a coyle, come what saies *Romeo*?
Nur. Haue you got leaue to go to shrift to day?
Iu. I haue.
Nur. Then high you hence to Frier *Lawrence* Cell,
There stayes a husband to make you a wife:
Now comes the wanton blood vp in your cheekes,
Theile be in scarlet straight at any newes:
Hie you to Church, I must an other way,
To fetch a Ladder by the which your loue
Must climbe a birds neast soone when it is darke,
I am the drudge, and toyle in your delight:
But you shall beare the burthen soone at night.
Go ile to dinner, hie you to the Cell.
Iuli. Hie to high fortune, honest Nurse farewell.

Exeunt.

Enter Frier and Romeo.

Fri. So smile the heauens vpon this holy act,
That after houres, with sorrow chide vs not.
Ro. Amen, amen, but come what sorrow can,
It cannot counteruaile the exchange of ioy

That one short minute giues me in her sight:
Do thou but close our hands with holy words,
Then loue-deuouring death do what he dare,
It is enough I may but call her mine.
Fri. These violent delights haue violent endes,
And in their triumph die like fier and powder:
Which as they kisse consume. The sweetest honey
Is loathsome in his owne deliciousnesse,
And in the taste confoundes the appetite.
Therefore loue moderately, long loue doth so,
Too swift arriues, as tardie as too slowe.

Enter Iuliet.

Here comes the Lady, Oh so light a foote
Will nere weare out the euerlasting flint,
A louer may bestride the gossamours,
That ydeles in the wanton sommer ayre,
And yet not fall, so light is vanitie.
Iu. Good euen to my ghostly confessor.
Fri. *Romeo* shall thanke thee daughter for vs both.
Iu. As much to him, else is his thankes too much.
Ro. Ah *Iuliet*, if the measure of thy ioy
Be heapt like mine, and that thy skill be more
To blason it, then sweeten with thy breath
This neighbour ayre and let rich musicke tongue,
Vnfold the imagind happines that both
Receiue in either, by this deare encounter.
Iu. Conceit more rich in matter then in words,
Brags of his substance, not of ornament,
They are but beggers that can count their worth,
But my true loue is growne to such excesse,
I cannot sum vp sum of half e my wealth.
Fri. Come, come with me, and we will make short (worke,
For by your leaues, you shall not stay alone,
Till holy Church incorporate two in one.

Enter Mercutio, Benuolio, *and men.*

Ben. I pray thee good *Mercutio* lets retire,
The day is hot, the *Capels* abroad:
And if we meete we shall not scape a brawle, for now these hot daies, is the mad blood stirring.

Mer. Thou art like one of these fellowes, that when he enters the confines of a Tauerne, claps me his sword vpon the table, and sayes, God send me no need of thee: and by the operation of the second cup, draws him on the drawer, when indeed there is no need.

Ben. Am I like such a fellow?

Mer. Come, come, thou art as hot a Iacke in thy moode as any in *Italie*: and assoone moued to be moodie, and assoone moodie to be moued.

Ben. And what too?

Mer. Nay and there were two such, we should haue none shortly, for one would kill the other: thou, why thou wilt quarell with a man that hath a haire more, or a haire lesse in his beard, then thou hast: thou wilt quarell with a man for cracking Nuts, hauing no other reason, but because thou hast hasel eyes: what eye, but such an eye wold spie out such a quarrel? thy head is as full of quarelles, as an egge is full of meate, and yet thy head hath bene beaten as addle as an egge for quarelling: thou hast quareld with a man for coffing in the streete, because hee hath wakened thy dogge that hath laine asleep in the sun. Didst thou not fall out with a taylor for wearing his new doublet before Easter, with an other for tying his new shooes with olde riband, and yet thou wilt tuter me from quarelling?

Ben. And I were so apt to quarell as thou art, any man should buy the fee-simple of my life for an houre and a quarter.

Mer. The fee-simple, ô simple.

Enter Tybalt, Petruchio, *and others.*

Ben. By my head here comes the *Capulets*.

Mer. By my heele I care not.

Tybalt. Follow me close, for I will speake to them.
Gentlemen, Good den, a word with one of you.

Mer.

Mer. And but one word with one of vs, couple it with something, make it a word and a blowe.

Tib. You shall find me apt inough to that sir, and you wil giue me occasion.

Mercu. Could you not take some occasion without giuing?

Tyb. *Mercutio*, thou consortest with *Romeo*.

Mer. Consort, what doest thou make vs Minstrels? and thou make Minstrels of vs, looke to hear nothing but discords: heeres my fiddlesticke, heeres that shall make you daunce: zounds consort.

Ben. We talke here in the publike haunt of men:
Either withdraw vnto some priuate place,
Or reason coldly of your greeuances:
Or else depart, here all eyes gaze on vs.

Mer. Mens eyes were made to looke, and let them gaze.
I will not budge for no mans pleasure I.

Enter Romeo.

Tyb. Well peace be with you sir, here comes my man.

Mer. But ile be hangd sir if he weare your liuerie:
Marrie go before to field, heele be your follower,
Your worship in that sense may call him man.

Tyb. *Romeo*, the loue I beare thee, can affoord
No better terme then this: thou art a villaine.

Ro. *Tybalt*, the reason that I haue to loue thee,
Doth much excuse the appertaining rage
To such a greeting: villaine am I none.
Therefore farewell, I see thou knowest me not.

Tyb. Boy, this shall not excuse the iniuries
That thou hast done me, therefore turne and draw.

Ro. I do protest I neuer iniuried thee,
But loue thee better then thou canst deuise:
Till thou shalt know the reason of my loue,
And so good *Capulet*, which name I tender
As dearely as mine owne, be satisfied.

Mer. O calme, dishonourable, vile submission:

All's stucatho carries it away,
Tibalt, you ratcatcher, will you walke?
Tib. What wouldst thou haue with me?
M. Good King of Cats, nothing but one of your nine liues, that I meane to make bold withall, and as you shall vse mee hereafter drie beate the rest of the eight. Will you plucke your sword out of his pitcher by the eares? make haste, least mine be about your eares ere it be out.
Tib. I am for you.
Rom. Gentle *Mercutio*, put thy Rapier vp.
Mer. Come sir, your Passado.
Rom. Draw *Benuolio*, beate downe their weapons,
Gentlemen, for shame forbeare this outrage,
Tibalt, *Mercutio*, the Prince expresly hath
Forbid this bandying in *Verona* streetes,
Hold *Tybalt*, good *Mercutio*.

Away Tybalt.

Mer. I am hurt.
A plague a both houses, I am sped,
Is he gone and hath nothing.
Ben. What art thou hurt?
Mer I, I, a scratch, a scratch, marrie tis inough,
Where is my Page? go villaine, fetch a Surgion.
Ro. Courage man, the hurt cannot be much.
Mer. No tis not so deepe as a well, nor so wide as a Church doore, but tis inough, twill serue: aske for me to morrow, and you shall finde me a graue man. I am peppered I warrant, for this world, a plague a both your houses, sounds a dog, a rat, a mouse, a cat, to scratch a man to death: a braggart, a rogue, a villaine, that fights by the book of Arithmatick, why the deule came you betweene vs? I was hurt vnder your arme.
Ro. I thought all for the best.
Mer. Helpe me into some house *Benuolio*,

Or I shall faint, a plague a both your houses,
They haue made wormes meate of me,
I haue it, and soundly, to your houses. *Exit.*

Ro. This Gentleman the Princes neare alie,
My very friend hath got this mortall hurt
In my behalfe, my reputation staind
With *Tybalts* slaunder, *Tybalt* that an houre
Hath bene my Cozen, O sweete *Iuliet*,
Thy bewtie hath made me effeminate,
And in my temper softned valours steele.

Enter Benuolio.

Ben. O *Romeo*, *Romeo*, braue *Mercutio* is dead,
That gallant spirit hath aspir'd the Clowdes,
Which too vntimely here did scorne the earth.
Ro. This dayes blacke fate, on mo daies doth depēd,
This but begins, the wo others must end.
Ben. Here comes the furious *Tybalt* backe againe.
Ro. He gan in triumph and *Mercutio* slaine,
Away to heauen, respectiue lenitie,
And fier eyed furie, be my conduct now,
Now *Tybalt* take the villaine backe againe,
That late thou gauest me, for *Mercutios* soule
Is but a little way aboue our heads,
Staying for thine to keepe him companie:
Either thou or I, or both, must go with him.
Ty. Thou wretched boy that didst cōsort him here,
Shalt with him hence.
Ro. This shall determine that.

They Fight. Tibalt *falles.*

Ben. Romeo, away be gone:
The Citizens are vp, and *Tybalt* slaine,
Stand not amazed, the Prince wil doome thee death,
If thou art taken, hence be gone away,

Ro. O I am fortunes foole.
Ben. Why doſt thou ſtay?

Exit Romeo.

Enter Citizens.

Citi. Which way ran he that kild *Mercutio?*
Tybalt that mutherer, which way ran he?
Ben. There lies that *Tybalt.*
Citi. Vp ſir, go with me:
I charge thee in the Princes name obey.

Enter Prince, olde Mountague, Capulet, *their wiues and all.*

Prin. Where are the vile beginners of this fray?
Ben. O Noble Prince, I can diſcouer all
The vnluckie mannage of this fatall brall,
There lies the man ſlaine by young *Romeo,*
That ſlew thy kiſman, braue *Mercutio.*
Capu. Wi. *Tybalt*, my Cozin, O my brothers child,
O Prince, O Cozen, husband, O the bloud is ſpild
Of my deare kiſman, Prince as thou art true,
For bloud of ours, ſhead bloud of Mountague.
O Cozin, Cozin.
Prin. Benuolio, who began this bloudie fray?
Ben. Tybalt here ſlain, whom *Romeos* hand did ſlay,
Romeo that ſpoke him faire, bid him bethinke
How nice the quarell was, and vrgd withall
Your high diſpleaſure all this vttered,
With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly bowed
Could not take truce with the vnruly ſpleene
Of *Tybalt* deafe to peace, but that he tilts
With piercing ſteele at bold *Mercutios* breaſt,
Who all as hot, turnes deadly poynt to poynt,
And with a Martiall ſcorne, with one hand beates
Cold death aſide, and with the other ſends
It backe to *Tybalt*, whoſe dexteritie
Retorts it, *Romeo* he cries aloud,
Hold friends, friends part, and ſwifter then his tongue,

His

His aged arme beates downe their fatall poynts,
And twixt them ruſhes, vnderneath whoſe arme,
An enuious thruſt from *Tybalt*, hit the life
Of ſtout *Mercutio*, and then *Tybalt* fled,
But by and by comes backe to *Romeo,*
Who had but newly entertaind reuenge,
And toote they go like lightning, for ere I
Could draw to part them, was ſtout *Tybalt* ſlaine:
And as he fell, did *Romeo* turne and flie,
This is the truth, or let *Benuolio* die.
Ca. Wi. He is a kiſman to the *Mountague,*
Affection makes him falſe, he ſpeakes not true:
Some twentie of them fought in this blacke ſtrife,
And all thoſe twentie could but kill one life.
I beg for Iuſtice which thou Prince muſt giue:
Romeo ſlew *Tybalt*, *Romeo* muſt not liue.
Prin. Romeo ſlew him, he ſlew *Mercutio,*
Who now the price of his deare bloud doth owe.
Capu. Not *Romeo* Prince, he was *Mercutios* friend,
His fault concludes, but what the law ſhould end,
The life of *Tybalt.*
Prin. And for that offence,
Immediately we do exile him hence:
I haue an intereſt in your hearts proceeding:
My bloud for your rude brawles doth lie a bleeding.
But ile amerce you with ſo ſtrong a fine,
That you ſhall all repent the loſſe of mine.
It will be deafe to pleading and excuſes,
Nor teares, nor prayers ſhall purchaſe out abuſes.
Therefore vſe none, let *Romeo* hence in haſt,
Elſe when he is found, that houre is his laſt.
Beare hence this body, and attend our will,
Mercie but murders, pardoning thoſe that kill.

Exit.

Enter Iuliet alone.

Gallop apace, you fierie footed ſteedes,

Towards

Towards *Phœbus* lodging, ſuch a wagoner
As *Phaetan* would whip you to the weſt,
And bring in clowdie night immediately.
Spread thy cloſe curtaine loue-performing night,
That runnawayes eyes may wincke, and *Romeo*
Leape to theſe armes, vntalkt of and vnſeene,
Louers can ſee to do their amorous rights,
And by their owne bewties, or if loue be blind,
It beſt agrees with night, come ciuill night,
Thou ſober ſuted matron all in blacke,
And learne me how to looſe a winning match,
Plaide for a paire of ſtainleſſe maydenhoods.
Hood my vnmand bloud bayting in my cheekes,
With thy blacke mantle, till ſtrange loue grow bold,
Thinke true loue acted ſimple modeſtie:
Come night, come *Romeo*, come thou day in night,
For thou wilt lie vpon the winges of night,
Whiter then new ſnow vpon a Rauens backe:
Cõme gentle night, come louing black browd night,
Giue me my *Romeo*, and when I ſhall die,
Take him and cut him out in little ſtarres,
And he will make the face of heauen ſo fine,
That all the world will be in loue with night,
And pay no worſhip to the garniſh Sun.
O I haue bought the manſion of a loue,
But not poſſeſt it, and though I am ſold,
Not yet enioyd, ſo tedious is this day,
As is the night before ſome feſtiuall,
To an impatient child that hath new robes
And may not weare them. O here comes my Nurſe:

Enter Nurſe with cords.

And ſhe brings newes, and euery tongue that ſpeaks
But *Romeos* name, ſpeakes heauenly eloquence:
Now Nurſe, what newes? what haſt thou there,
The cords that *Romeo* bid thee fetch?

Nur. I, I, the cords.
Iu. Ay me what newes? why doſt thou wring thy hãds?
Nur. A weraday, hees dead, hees dead, hees dead,
We are vndone Lady, we are vndone.
Alack the day, hees gone, hees kild, hees dead.
Iu. Can heauen be ſo enuious?
Nur. *Romeo* can,
Though heauen cannot. O *Romeo*, *Romeo*,
Who euer would haue thought it *Romeo*?
Iu. What diuell art thou that doſt torment me thus?
This torture ſhould be rored in diſmall hell,
Hath *Romeo* ſlaine himſelfe? ſay thou but I,
And that bare vowell I ſhall poyſon more
Then the death arting eye of Cockatrice,
I am not I, if there be ſuch an I.
Or thoſe eyes ſhot, that makes thee anſwere I:
If he be ſlaine ſay I, or if not, no.
Briefe, ſounds, determine my weale or wo.
Nur. I ſaw the wound, I ſaw it with mine eyes,
God ſaue the marke, here on his manly breſt,
A piteous coarſe, a bloudie piteous coarſe,
Pale, pale as aſhes, all bedawbde in bloud,
All in goare bloud, I ſounded at the ſight.
Iu. O break my hart, poore banckrout break at once,
To priſon eyes, nere looke on libertie.
Vile earth too earth reſigne, end motion here,
And thou and *Romeo* preſſe on heauie beare.
Nur. O *Tybalt*, *Tybalt*, the beſt friend I had,
O curteous *Tybalt*, honeſt Gentleman,
That euer I ſhould liue to ſee thee dead.
Iu. What ſtorme is this that blowes ſo contrarie?
Is *Romeo* ſlaughtred? and is *Tybalt* dead?
My deareſt Cozen, and my dearer Lord,
Then dreadfull Trumpet ſound the generall doome,
For who is liuing, if thoſe two are gone?

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Nur. *Tybalt* is gone and *Romeo* baniſhed,
Romeo that kild him he is baniſhed.
Iuli. O God, did *Romeos* hand ſhead *Tibalts* bloud?
It did, it did, alas the day, it did.
Nur. O ſerpent heart, hid with a flowring face.
Iu. Did euer draggon keepe ſo faire a Caue?
Bewtifull tirant, fiend angelicall:
Rauenous douefeatherd rauē, woluiſhrauening lamb,
Deſpiſed ſubſtance of diuineſt ſhowe:
Iuſt oppoſite to what thou iuſtly ſeem'ſt,
A dimme ſaint, an honourable villaine:
O nature what hadſt thou to do in hell
When thou didſt bower the ſpirit of a fiend,
In mortall paradiſe of ſuch ſweete fleſh?
Was euer booke containing ſuch vile matter
So fairely bound? ô that deceit ſhould dwell
In ſuch a gorgious Pallace.
Nur. Theres no truſt, no faith, no honeſtie in men,
All periurde, all forſworne, all naught, all diſſemblers.
Ah wheres my man? giue me ſome Aqua-vitæ:
Theſe griefs, theſe woes, theſe ſorrows make me old,
Shame come to *Romeo*.
Iu. Bliſterd be thy tongue
For ſuch a wiſh, he was not borne to ſhame:
Vpon his brow ſhame is aſham'd to ſit:
For tis a throane where honour may be crownd
Sole Monarch of the vniuerſal earth.
O what a beaſt was I to chide at him?
Nur. Wil you ſpeak wel of him that kild your cozin?
Iu. Shall I ſpeake ill of him that is my husband?
Ah poor my lord, what tongue ſhal ſmooth thy name,
When I thy three houres wife haue mangled it?
But wherefore villaine didſt thou kill my Cozin?
That villaine Cozin would haue kild my husband:
Backe fooliſh teares, backe to your natiue ſpring,
Your tributarie drops belong to woe,

Which

Which you miſtaking offer vp to ioy,
My husband liues that *Tybalt* would haue ſlaine,
And *Tybalts* dead that would haue ſlain my husband:
All this is comfort, wherefore weepe I then?
Some word there was, worſer then *Tybalts* death
That murdred me, I would forget it faine,
But oh it preſſes to my memorie,
Like damned guiltie deeds to ſinners mindes,
Tybalt is dead and *Romeo* baniſhed:
That baniſhed, that one word baniſhed,
Hath ſlaine ten thouſand *Tybalts*: *Tybalts* death
Was woe inough if it had ended there:
Or if ſower woe delights in fellowſhip,
And needly will be ranckt with other griefes,
Why followed not when ſhe ſaid *Tybalts* dead,
Thy father or thy mother, nay or both,
Which moderne lamentation might haue moued,
But with a rearward following *Tybalts* death,
Romeo is baniſhed: to ſpeake that word,
Is father, mother, *Tybalt*, *Romeo*, *Iuliet*,
All ſlaine, all dead: *Romeo* is baniſhed,
There is no end, no limit, meaſure bound,
In that words death, no words can that woe found.
Where is my father and my mother Nurſe?
Nur. Weeping and wayling ouer *Tybalts* courſe,
Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.
Iu. Waſh they his wounds with teares? mine ſhall be
When theirs are drie, for *Romeos* baniſhment. (ſpent,
Take vp thoſe cordes, poore ropes you are beguilde,
Both you and I for *Romeo* is exilde:
He made you for a highway to my bed,
But I a maide, die maiden widowed.
Come cordes, come Nurſe, ile to my wedding bed,
And death not *Romeo*, take my maiden head.
Nur. Hie to your chamber, Ile finde *Romeo*
To comfort you, I wot well where he is:

Harke

Harke ye, your *Romeo* will be here at night,
Ile to him, he is hid at *Lawrence* Cell.
Iu. O find him, giue this ring to my true Knight,
And bid him come, to take his last farewell.

Exit.

Enter Frier and Romeo.

Fri. *Romeo* come forth, come forth thou fearefull man,
Affliction is enamourd of thy parts:
And thou art wedded to calamitie.
Ro. Father what newes? what is the Princes doome?
What sorrow craues acquaintance at my hand,
That I yet know not?
Fri. Too familiar
Is my deare sonne with such sowre companie?
I bring thee tidings of the Princes doome.
Ro. What lesse then doomesday is the Princes doome?
Fri. A gentler iudgement vanisht from his lips,
Not bodies death, but bodies banishment.
Rom. Ha, banishment? be mercifull, say death:
For exile hath more terror in his looke,
Much more then death, do not say banishment.
Fri. Here from *Verona* art thou banished:
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.
Ro. There is no world without *Verona* walls,
But purgatorie, torture, hell it selfe:
Hence banished, is blanisht from the world.
And worlds exile is death. Then banished,
Is death, mistermd, calling death banished,
Thou cutst my head off with a golden axe,
And smilest vpon the stroke that murders me.
Fri. O deadly sin, ô rude vnthankfulnes,
Thy fault our law calls death, but the kind Prince
Taking thy part, hath rusht aside the law,
And turnd that blacke word death to banishment.

This

This is deare mercie, and thou seest it not.
Ro. Tis torture and not mercie, heauen is here
Where *Iuliet* liues, and euery cat and dog,
And litle mouse, euery vnworthy thing
Liue here in heauen, and may looke on her,
But *Romeo* may not. More validitie,
More honourable state, more courtship liues
In carrion flies, then *Romeo*: they may seaze
On the white wonder of deare *Iuliets* hand,
And steale immortall blessing from her lips,
Who euen in pure and vestall modestie
Still blush, as thinking their owne kisses sin.
This may flyes do, when I from this must flie,
And sayest thou yet, that exile is not death?
But *Romeo* may not, he is banished.
Flies may do this, but I from this must flie:
They are freemen, but I am banished.
Hadst thou no poyson mixt, no sharpe ground knife,
No sudden meane of death, though nere so meane,
But banished to kill me: Banished?
O Frier, the damned vse that word in hell:
Howling attends it, how hast thou the heart
Being a Diuine, a ghostly Confessor,
A sin obsoluer, and my friend profest,
To mangle me with that word banished?
Fri. Then fond mad man, heare me a little speake.
Ro. O thou wilt speake againe of banishment.
Fri. Ile giue thee armour to keepe off that word,
Aduersities sweete milke, Philosophie,
To comfort thee though thou art banished.
Ro. Yet banished? hang vp philosophie,
Vnlesse Philosophie can make a *Iuliet*,
Displant a towne, reuerse a Princes doome,
It helpes not, it preuailes not, talke no more.
Fri. O then I see, that mad man haue no eares.
Ro. How should they when that wise men haue no eyes.

Fri. Let

Fri. Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.
Ro. Thou canst not speak of that thou dost not feele,
Wert thou as young as I, *Iuliet* thy loue,
An houre but married, *Tybalt* murdered,
Doting like me, and like me banished,
Then mightest thou speake,
Then mightst thou teare thy hayre,
And fall vpon the ground as I do now,
Taking the measure of an vnmade graue.

Enter Nurse, and knocke.

Fri. Arise one knocks, good *Romeo* hide thy selfe.
Ro. Not I, vnlesse the breath of hartsicke grones,
Myst-like infold me from the search of eyes.

They knocke.

Fri. Hark how they knock (whose there) *Romeo* arise,
Thou wilt be taken, stay a while, stand vp.

Slud knock.

Run to my studie by and by, Gods will
What simplenes is this? I come, I come.

Knocke.

Who knocks so hard? whēce come you? whats your will?

Enter Nurse.

Nur. Let me come in, and you shal know my errant:
I come from Lady *Iuliet.*
Fri. Welcome then.
Nur. O holy Frier, O tell me holy Frier,
Wheres my Ladyes Lord? wheres *Romeo?*
Fri. There on the ground,
With his owne teares made drunke.
Nur. O he is euen in my mistresse case,
Iust in her case. O wofull simpathy:
Pitious predicament, euen so lies she,
Blubbring and weeping, weeping and blubbring,
Stand vp, stand vp, stand and you be a man,
For *Iulets* sake, for her sake rise and stand:
Why should you fall into so deepe an O?
Rom. Nurse.
Nur. Ah

Nur. Ah sir, ah sir, deaths the end of all.
Ro. Spakest thou of *Iuliet?* how is it with her?
Doth not she thinke me an old murtherer,
Now I haue staind the childhood of our ioy,
With bloud remoued, but little from her owne?
Where is she? and how doth she? and what sayes
My conceald Lady to our canceld loue?
Nur. Oh she sayes nothing sir, but weeps and weeps,
And now falls on her bed, and then starts vp,
And *Tybalt* calls, and then on *Romeo* cries,
And then downe falls againe.
Ro. As if that name shot from the deadly leuell of a gun,
Did murther her, as that names cursed hand
Murderd her kinsman. Oh tell me Frier, tell me,
In what vile part of this Anatomie
Doth my name lodge? Tell me that I may sacke
The hatefull mansion.
Fri. Hold thy desperate hand:
Art thou a man? thy forme cries out thou art:
Thy teares are womanish, thy wild acts deuote
The vnreasonable furie of a beast.
Vnseemely woman in a seeming man,
And ilbeseeming beast in seeming both,
Thou hast amaz'd me. By my holy order,
I thought thy disposition better temperd.
Hast thou slaine *Tybalt?* wilt thou slay thy selfe?
And slay thy Lady, that in thy life lies,
By doing damned hate vpon thy selfe?
Why rayl'st thou on thy birth? the heauen and earth?
Since birth, and heauen, and earth all three do meet,
In thee at once, which thou at once wouldst loose.
Fie, fie, thou shamest thy shape, thy loue, thy wit,
Which like a Vsurer aboundst in all:
And vsest none in that true vse indeed,
Which should bedecke thy shape, thy loue, thy wit:
Thy Noble shape is but a forme of waxe,

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Digressing from the valour of a man,
Thy deare loue sworne but hollow periurie,
Killing that loue which thou hast vowd to cherish,
Thy wit, that ornament, to shape and loue,
Misshapen in the conduct of them both:
Like powder in a skilleſſe ſouldiers flaske,
Is set a fier by thine owne ignorance,
And thou dismembred with thine owne defence.
What rowse thee man, thy *Iuliet* is aliue,
For whose deare sake thou wast but lately dead.
There art thou happie, *Tybalt* would kill thee,
But thou slewest *Tibalt*, there art thou happie.
The law that threatned death becomes thy friend,
And turnes it to exile, there art thou happie.
A packe of blessings light vpon thy backe,
Happines courts thee in her best array,
But like a mishaued and sullen wench,
Thou puts vp thy fortune and thy loue:
Take heede, take heede, for such die miserable.
Go get thee to thy loue as was decreed,
Ascend her chamber, hence and comfort her:
But looke thou stay not till the watch be set,
For then thou canst not passe to *Mantua*,
Where thou shalt liue till we can find a time
To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,
Beg pardon of the Prince and call thee backe,
With twentie hundred thousand times more ioy
Then thou wentst forth in lamentation.
Go before Nurse, commend me to thy Lady,
And bid her hasten all the house to bed,
Which heauie sorrow makes them apt vnto,
Romeo is comming.

Nur. O Lord, I could haue staid here all the night,
To heare good counsell, oh what learning is:
My Lord, ile tell my Lady you will come.

Ro. Do so, and bid my sweete prepare to chide.

Nur. Here

Nur. Here sir, a Ring she bid me giue you sir:
Hie you, make hast, for it growes very late.

Ro. How well my comfort is reuiu'd by this.

Fri. Go hēce, goodnight, & here stands al your state:
Either be gone before the watch be set,
Or by the breake of day disguise from hence,
Soiourne in *Mantua*, ile find out your man,
And he shall signifie from time to time,
Euery good hap to you, that chaunces here:
Giue me thy hand, tis late, farewell, goodnight.

Ro. But that a ioy past ioy calls out on me,
It were a griefe, so briefe to part with thee:
Farewell.

Exeunt.

Enter old Capulet, *his wife and* Paris.

Ca. Things haue falne out sir so vnluckily,
That we haue had no time to moue our daughter,
Looke you, she lou'd her kinsman *Tybalt* dearely,
And so did I. Well we were borne to die.
Tis very late, she'le not come downe to night:
I promise you, but for your companie,
I would haue bene a bed an houre ago.

Paris. These times of wo affoord no times to woo:
Madam goodnight, commend me to your daughter.

La. I will, and know her mind early to morrow,
To night shees mewed vp to her heauines.

Ca. Sir *Paris*, I will make a desperate tender
Of my childes loue: I thinke she will me rulde
In all respects by me: nay more, I doubt it not.
Wife go you to her ere you go to bed,
Acquaint her here, of my sonne *Paris* loue,
And bid her, marke you me? on wendsday next.
But soft, what day is this?

Pa. Monday my Lord.

Ca. Monday, ha ha, well wendsday is too soone,
A thursday let it be, a thursday tell her

She

She shall be married to this noble Earle:
Will you be ready? do you like this haste?
Well, keepe no great ado, a friend or two,
For harke you, *Tybalt* being slaine so late,
It may be thought we held him carelesly
Being our kinsman, if we reuell much:
Therefore weele haue some halfe a doozen friends,
And there an end, but what say you to Thursday?

Paris. My Lord, I would that thursday were to morrow.

Ca. Well get you gone, a Thursday be it then:
Go you to *Iuliet* ere you go to bed,
Prepare her wife, against this wedding day.
Farewell my Lord, light to my chamber ho,
Afore mee, it is so very late that wee may call it early by and by,
Goodnight.

Exeunt.

Enter Romeo *and* Iuliet *aloft.*

Iu. Wilt thou be gone? It is not yet neare day:
It was the Nightingale, and not the Larke,
That pierst the fearefull hollow of thine eare,
Nightly she sings on yond Pomgranet tree,
Beleeue me loue, it was the Nightingale.

Rom. It was the Larke the herauld of the morne,
No Nightingale, looke loue what enuious streakes
Do lace the seuering cloudes in yonder East:
Nights candles are burnt out, and iocand day
Stands tipto on the mystie Mountaine tops,
I must be gone and liue, or stay and die.

Iu. Yond light is not daylight, I know it I:
It is some Meteor that the Sun exhale,
To be to thee this night a Torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to *Mantua.*
Therefore stay yet, thou needst not to be gone.

Ro. Let me be tane, let me be put to death,
I am content, so thou wilt haue it so.
Ile say yon gray is not the the morning: eye,

Tis but the pale reflex of *Cinthias* brow.
Nor that is not the Larke whose notes do beate
The vaultie heauen so high aboue our heads,
I haue more care to stay then will to go:
Come death and welcome, *Iuliet* wills it so.
How ist my soule? lets talke it is not day.

Iu. It is, it is, hie hence be gone away:
It is the Larke that sings so out of tune,
Straining harsh Discords, and vnpleasing Sharpes.
Some say, the Larke makes sweete Diuision:
This doth not so: for she diuideth vs.
Some say the Larke and loathed Toad change eyes,
O now I would they had changd voyces too:
Since arme from arme that voyce doth vs affray,
Hunting thee hence, with Huntsup to the day.
O now be gone, more light and light it growes.

Romeo. More light and light, more darke and darke our woes.

Enter Madame and Nurse.

Nur. Madam.

Iu. Nurse.

Nur. Your Lady Mother is cũming to your chãber,
The day is broke, be wary, looke about.

Iuli. Then window let day in, and let life out.

Ro. Farewell, farewell, one kisse and Ile descend.

Iu. Art thou gone so loue, Lord, ay husband, friend,
I must heare from thee euery day in the houre,
For in a minute there are many dayes,
O by this count I shall be much in yeares,
Ere I againe behold my *Romeo.*

Rom. Farewell:
I will omit no opportunitie,
That may conuey my greetings loue to thee.

Iu. O thinkst thou we shall euer meete againe?

Rom. I doubt it not, and all these woes shall serue
For sweete discourses in our times to come.

Ro. O God I haue an ill diuining soule,
Me thinkes I see thee now, thou art so lowe,
As one dead in the bottome of a tombe,
Either my eye-sight failes, or thou lookest pale.
Rom. And trust me loue, in my eye so do you:
Drie sorrow drinkes our bloud. Adue, adue.

Exit.

Iu. O Fortune, Fortune, all men call thee fickle,
If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him
That is renowmd for faith? be fickle Fortune:
For then I hope thou wilt not keepe him long,
But send him backe.

Enter Mother.

La. Ho daughter, are you vp?
Iu. Who is't that calls? It is my Lady mother.
Is she not downe so late or vp so early?
What vnaccustomd cause procures her hither?
La. Why how now *Iuliet*?
Iu. Madam I am not well.
La. Euermore weeping for your Cozens death?
What wilt thou wash him from his graue with teares?
And if thou couldst, thou couldst not make him liue:
Therfore haue done, some griefe shews much of loue,
But much of greefe, shewes still some want of wit.
Iu. Yet let me weepe, for such a feeling losse.
La. So shall you feele the losse, but not the friend
Which you weepe for.
Iu. Feeling so the losse,
I cannot chuse but euer weepe the friend.
La. Wel gyrle, thou weepst not so much for his death,
As that the villaine liues which slaughterd him.
Iu. What villaine Madam?
La. That same villaine *Romeo*.
Iu. Villaine and he be many miles a sunder:
God padon, I do with all my heart:
And yet no man like he, doth greeue my heart.

La. That

La. That is because the Traytor murderer liues.
Iu. I Madam from the reach of these my hands:
Would none but I might venge my Cozens death.
La. We will haue vengeance for it, feare thou not.
Then weepe no more, Ile send to one in *Mantua*,
Where that same banisht runnagate doth liue,
Shall giue him such an vnaccustomd dram,
That he shall soone keepe *Tybalt* companie:
And then I hope thou wilt be satisfied.
Iu. Indeed I neuer shall be satisfied
With *Romeo*, till I behold him. Dead
Is my poore heart so for a kinsman vext:
Madam if you could find out but a man
To beare a poyson, I would temper it:
That *Romeo* should vpon receit thereof,
Soone sleepe in quiet. O how my heart abhors
To heare him namde and cannot come to him,
To wreake the loue I bore my Cozen,
Vpon his body that hath slaughterd him.
Mo. Find thou the means, and Ile find such a man,
But now ile tell thee ioyfull tidings Gyrle.
Iu. And ioy comes well in such a needie time,
What are they, beseech your Ladyship?
M. Well, well, thou hast a carefull father child,
One who to put thee from thy heauines,
Hath sorted out a sudden day of ioy,
That thou expects not, nor I lookt not for.
Iu. Madam in happie time, what day is that?
M. Marrie my child, early next Thursday morne,
The gallant, young, and Noble Gentleman,
The Countie *Paris* at Saint *Peters* Church,
Shall happily make thee there a ioyfull Bride.
Iu. Now by S. *Peters* Church, and *Peter* too,
He shall not make me there a ioyfull Bride.
I wonder at this haste, that I must wed
Ere he that should be husband comes to wooe:

I pray

I pray you tell my Lord and father Madam,
I will not marrie yet, and when I do, I sweare
It shall be *Romeo*, whom you know I hate
Rather then *Paris*, these are newes indeed.
Ma. Here comes your father, tell him so your selfe:
And see how he will take it at your hands.

Enter Capulet *and Nurse.*

Ca. When the Sun sets, the earth doth drisle deaw,
But for the Sunset of my brothers sonne,
It rains downright. How now a Conduit girle, what still in tears
Euermore showring in one litle body?
Thou counterfaits. A Barke, a Sea, a Wind:
For still thy eyes, which I may call the sea,
Do ebbe and flowe with teares, the Barke thy body is:
Sayling in this salt floud, the windes thy sighes,
Who raging with thy teares and they with them,
Without a sudden calme will ouerset
Thy tempest tossed body. How now wife,
Haue you deliuered to her our decree?
La. I sir, but she will none, she giue you thankes,
I would the foole were married to her graue.
Ca. Soft take me with you, take me with you wife,
How will she none? doth she not giue vs thanks?
Is she not proud? doth she not count her blest,
Vnworthy as she is, that we haue wrought
So worthy a Gentleman to be her Bride?
Iu. Not proud you haue, but thankful that you haue:
Proud can I neuer be of what I hate,
But thankfull euen for hate, that is meant loue.
Ca. How, how, how how, chopt lodgick, what is this?
Proud and I thanke you, and I thanke you not,
And yet not proud mistresse minion you?
Thanke me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds,
But fettle your fine Ioynts gainst Thursday next,
To go with *Paris* to Saint *Peters* Church:
Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.

Out you greene sickenesse carrion, out you baggage,
You tallow face.
La. Fie, fie, what are you mad?
Iu. Good Father, I beseech you on my knees,
Heare me with patience, but to speake a word.
Fa. Hang thee young baggage, disobedient wretch,
I tell thee what, get thee to Church a Thursday,
Or neuer after looke me in the face.
Speake not, replie not, do not answere me.
My fingers itch, wife, we scarce thought vs blest,
That God had lent vs but this onely childe,
But now I see this one is one too much,
And that we haue a curse in hauing her:
Out on her hilding.
Nur. God in heauen blesse her:
You are to blame my Lord to rate her so.
Fa. And why my Lady wisdome, hold your tongue,
Good Prudence smatter, with your gossips go.
Nur. I speake no treason,
Father, ô Godigeden,
May not one speake?
Fa. Peace you mumbling foole,
Vtter your grauitie ore a Gossips bowle,
For here we need it not.
Wi. You are too hot.
Fa. Gods bread, it makes me mad,
Day, night, houre, tide, time, worke, play,
Alone in companie, still my care hath bene
To haue her matcht, and hauing now prouided
A Gentleman of noble parentage,
Of faire demeanes, youthfull and nobly liand,
Stuft as they say, with honourable parts,
Proportiond as ones thought would wish a man,
And then to haue a wretched puling foole,
A whining mammet, in her fortunes tender,
To answere, ile not wed, I cannot loue:
I am too young, I pray you pardon me.

But and you will not wed, ile pardon you.
Graze where you will, you ſhall not houſe with me,
Looke too't, thinke on't, I do not vſe to ieſt.
Thurſday is neare, lay hand on hart, aduiſe,
And you be mine, ile giue you to my friend,
And you be not, hang, beg, ſtarue, dye in the ſtreets,
For by my ſoule ile nere acknowledge thee,
Nor what is mine ſhall neuer do thee good:
Truſt too't, bethinke you, ile not be forſworne.

Exit.

Iu. Is there no pittie ſitting in the cloudes
That ſees into the bottome of my greefe?
O ſweet my Mother caſt me not away,
Delay this marriage for a month, a weeke,
Or if you do not, make the Bridall bed
In that dim Monument where *Tibalt* lies.
Mo. Talke not to me, for ile not ſpeake a word,
Do as thou wilt, for I haue done with thee.

Exit.

Iu. O God, ô Nurſe, how ſhall this be preuented?
My husband is on earth, my faith in heauen,
How ſhall that faith returne againe to earth,
Vnleſſe that husband ſend it me from heauen,
By leauing earth? comfort me, counſaile me:
Alack, alack, that heauen ſhould practiſe ſtratagems
Vpon ſo ſoft a ſubiect as my ſelfe.
What ſayſt thou, haſt thou not a word of ioy?
Some comfort Nurſe.
Nur. Faith here it is, *Romeo* is baniſhed and all the world to
That he dares nere come back to challenge you: (nothing,
Or if he do, it needs muſt be by ſtealth.
Then ſince the caſe ſo ſtands as now it doth,
I thinke it beſt you married with the Countie,
O hees a louely Gentleman:
Romeos a diſhclout to him, an Eagle Madam
Hath not ſo greene, ſo quick, ſo faire an eye
As *Paris* hath, beſhrow my very hart,

I thinke you are happie in this ſecond match,
For it excels your firſt, or if it did not,
Your firſt is dead, or twere as good he were,
As liuing here, and you no vſe of him.
Iu. Speakſt thou from thy heart?
Nur. And from my ſoule too, elſe beſhrew them both.
Iu. Amen.
Nur. What?
Iu. Well thou haſt comforted me maruellous much,
Go in, and tell my Lady I am gone,
Hauing diſpleaſ'd my father, to *Laurence* Cell,
To make confeſsion, and to be abſolu'd.
Nur. Marrie I will, and this is wiſely done.
Iu. Auncient damnation, ô moſt wicked fiend,
Is it more ſin to wiſh me thus forſworne,
Or to diſpraiſe my Lord with that ſame tongue,
Which ſhe hath praiſde him with aboue compare,
So many thouſand times? Go Counſellor,
Thou and my boſome henceforth ſhall be twaine:
Ile to the Frier to know his remedie,
If all elſe faile, my ſelfe haue power to die.

Exit.

Enter Frier and Countie Paris.

Fri. On Thurſday ſir: the time is very ſhort.
Par. My Father *Capulet* will haue it ſo,
And I am nothing ſlow to ſlacke his haſte.
Fri. You ſay you do not know the Ladies minde?
Vneuen is the courſe, I like it not.
Par. Immoderately ſhe weepes for *Tybalts* death,
And therefore haue I little talke of loue,
For *Venus* ſmiles not in a houſe of teares.
Now ſir, her father counts it daungerous
That ſhe do giue her ſorrow ſo much ſway:
And in his wiſedome haſtes our marriage,
To ſtop the inundation of her teares.
Which too much minded by her ſelfe alone
May be put from her by ſocietie.

Now do you know the reaſon of this haſte.
Fri. I would I knew not why it ſhould be ſlowed.
Looke ſir, here comes the Lady toward my Cell.

Enter Iuliet.

Pa. Happily met my Lady and my wife.
Iu. That may be ſir, when I may be a wife.
Pa. That may be, muſt be loue, on Thurſday next.
Iu. What muſt be ſhall be.
Fri. Thats a certaine text.
Par. Come you to make confeſſion to this Father?
Iu. To aunſwere that, I ſhould confeſſe to you.
Pa. Do not denie to him, that you loue me.
Iu. I will confeſſe to you that I loue him.
Par. So will ye, I am ſure that you loue me.
Iu. If I do ſo, it will be of more price,
Being ſpoke behind your backe, then to your face.
Par. Poor ſoule thy face is much abuſde with tears.
Iu. The teares haue got ſmall victorie by that,
For it was bad inough before their ſpight.
Pa. Thou wrongſt it more then tears with that report.
Iu. That is no ſlaunder ſir, which is a truth,
And what I ſpake, I ſpake it to my face.
Pa. Thy face is mine, and thou haſt ſlandred it.
Iu. It may be ſo, for it is not mine owne.
Are you at leiſure, holy Father now,
Or ſhall I come to you at euening Maſſe?
Fri. My leiſure ſerues me penſiue daughter now,
My Lord we muſt entreate the time alone.
Par. Godſhield, I ſhould diſturbe deuotion,
Iuliet, on Thurſday early will I rowſe yee,
Till then adue, and keepe this holy kiſſe.

Exit.

Iu. O ſhut the doore, and when thou haſt done ſo,
Come weepe with me, paſt hope, paſt care, paſt help.
Fri. O *Iuliet* I already know thy greefe,
It ſtraines me paſt the compaſſe of my wits,
I heare thou muſt, and nothing may prorogue it,

On Thurſday next be married to this Countie.
Iu. Tell me not Frier, that thou heareſt of this,
Vnleſſe thou tell me, how I may preuent it:
If in thy wiſedome thou canſt giue no helpe,
Do thou but call my reſolution wiſe,
And with this knife ile helpe it preſently.
God ioynd my heart, and *Romeos* thou our hands
And ere this hand by thee to *Romeos* ſeald:
Shall be the Labell to an other deed,
Or my true heart with trecherous reuolt,
Turne to an other, this ſhall ſley them both:
Therefore out of thy long experienſt time,
Giue me ſome preſent counſell, or behold
Twixt my extreames and me, this bloudie knife
Shall play the vmpeere, arbitrating that,
Which the commiſſion of thy yeares and art,
Could to no iſſue of true honour bring:
Be not ſo long to ſpeake, I long to die,
If what thou ſpeakſt, ſpeake not of remedie.
Fri. Hold daughter, I do ſpie a kind of hope,
Which craues as deſperate an execution,
As that is deſperate which we would preuent.
If rather then to marrie Countie *Paris*
Thou haſt the ſtrength of will to ſtay thy ſelfe,
Then is it likely thou wilt vndertake
A thing like death to chide away this ſhame,
That coapſt with death, himſelfe to ſcape from it:
And if thou dareſt, Ile giue thee remedie.
Iu. Oh bid me leape, rather then marrie *Paris*,
From of the battlements of any Tower,
Or walke in theeuiſh wayes, or bid me lurke
Where Serpents are: chaine me with roaring Beares,
Or hide me nightly in a Charnel houſe,
Orecouerd quite with dead mens ratling bones,
With reekie ſhanks and yealow chapels ſculls:
Or bid me go into a new made graue,
And hide me with a dead man in his,

Things that to heare them told, haue made me tremble,
And I will do it without feare or doubt,
To liue an vnstaind wife to my sweete loue.
Fri. Hold then, go home, be merrie, giue consent,
To marrie *Paris*: wendsday is to morrow,
To morrow night looke that thou lie alone,
Let not the Nurse lie with thee in thy Chamber:
Take thou this Violl being then in bed,
And this distilling liquor drinke thou off,
When presently through all thy veines shall run,
A cold and drowzie humour: for no pulse
Shall keepe his natiue progresse but surcease,
No warmth, no breast shall testifie thou liuest,
The roses in thy lips and cheekes shall fade:
Too many ashes, thy eyes windowes fall:
Like death when he shuts vp the day of life.
Each part depriu'd of supple gouernment,
Shall stiffe and starke, and cold appeare like death,
And in this borrowed likenesse of shrunke death
Thou shalt continue two and fortie houres,
And then awake as from a pleasant sleepe.
Now when the Bridegroome in the morning comes,
To rowse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead:
Then as the manner of our countrie is,
In thy best robes vncouered on the Beere,
Be borne to buriall in thy kindreds graue:
Thou shall be borne to that same auncient vault,
Where all the kindred of the *Capulets* lie,
In the meane time against thou shalt awake,
Shall *Romeo* by my Letters know our drift,
And hither shall he come, an he and I
Will watch thy walking, and that very night
Shall *Romeo* beare thee hence to *Mantua*.
And this shall free thee from this present shame,
If no inconstant toy nor womanish feare,
Abate thy valour in the acting it.

Iu. Giue

Iu. Giue me, giue me, O tell not me of feare
Fri. Hold get you gone, be strong and prosperous
In this resolue, ile send a Frier with speed
To *Mantua*, with my Letters to thy Lord.
Iu. Loue giue me strength, and strength shall helpe afford:
Farewell deare father. (*Exit.*

Enter Father Capulet, *Mother, Nurse, and Seruing men, two or three.*

Ca. So many guests inuite as here are writ,
Sirrah, go hire me twentie cunning Cookes.
Ser. You shall haue none ill sir, for ile trie if they can lick their fingers.
Capu. How canst thou trie them so?
Ser. Marrie sir, tis an ill Cooke that cannot lick his owne fingers: therefore hee that cannot lick his fingers goes not with me.
Ca. Go be gone, we shall be much vnfurnisht for this time:
What is my daughter gone to Frier *Lawrence*?
Nur. I forsooth.
Cap. Well, he may chance to do some good on her,
A peeuish selfewieldhar lottry it is.

Enter Iuliet.

Nur. See where she comes from shrift with merie looke.
Ca. How now my headstrong, where haue you bin gadding?
Iu. Where I haue learnt me to repent the sin
Of disobedient opposition,
To you and your behests, and am enioynd
By holy *Lawrence*, to fall prostrate here,
To beg your pardon, pardon I beseech you;
Henceforward I am euer rulde by you.
Ca. Send for the Countie, go tell him of this,
Ile haue this knot knit vp to morrow morning.
Iu. I met the youthfull Lord at *Lawrence* Cell,
And gaue him what becomd loue I might,
Not stepping ore the bounds of modestie.
Cap. Why I am glad ont, this is wel, stand vp,
This is aſt should be, let me see the Countie:
I marrie go I say and fetch him hither.

Now

Now afore God, this reuerend holy Frier,
All our whole Citie is much bound to him.
Iu. Nurſe, will you go with me into my Cloſet,
To helpe me ſort ſuch needfull ornaments,
As you thinke fit to furniſh me to morrow?
Mo. No not till Thurſday, there is time inough.
Fa. Go Nurſe, go with her, weele to Church to morrow.
Exeunt.

Mo. We ſhall be ſhort in our prouiſion,
Tis now neare night.
Fa. Tuſh, I will ſtirre about,
And all things ſhall be well, I warrant thee wife:
Go thou to *Iuliet*, helpe to decke vp her,
Ile not to bed to night, let me alone:
Ile play the huswife for this once, what ho?
They are all forth, well I will walke my ſelfe
To Countie *Paris*, to prepare vp him
Againſt to morrow, my heart is wondrous light,
Since this ſame wayward Gyrle is ſo reclaymd.
Exit.

Enter Iuliet *and Nurſe.*

Iu. I thoſe attires are beſt, but gentle Nurſe
I pray thee leaue me to my ſelfe to night:
For I haue need of many oryſons,
To moue the heauens to ſmile vpon my ſtate,
Which well thou knoweſt, is croſſe and full of ſin.

Enter Mother.

Mo. What are you buſie ho? need you my helpe?
Iu. No Madam, we haue culd ſuch neceſſaries
As are behoofefull for our ſtate to morrow:
So pleaſe you, let me now be left alone,
And let the Nurſe this night ſit vp with you,
For I am ſure you haue your hands full all,
In this ſo ſudden buſineſſe.
Mo. Good night.
Get thee to bed and reſt, for thou haſt need.
Exeunt.

Iu. Farewell,

Iu. Farewell, God knowes when we ſhall meete againe.
I haue a faint cold feare thrills through my veines,
That almoſt freezes vp the heate of life:
Ile call them backe againe to comfort me.
Nurſe, what ſhou'd ſhe do here?
My diſmall ſceane I needs muſt act alone.
Come Violl, what if this mixture do not worke at all?
Shall I be married then to morrow morning?
No, no, this ſhall forbid it, lie thou there,
What if it be a poyſon which the Frier
Subtilly hath miniſtred to haue me dead,
Leaſt in this marriage he ſhould be diſhonourd,
Becauſe he married me before to *Romeo*?
I feare it is, and yet me thinks it ſhould not,
For he hath ſtill bene tried a holy man.
How if when I am laid into the Tombe,
I wake before the time that *Romeo*
Come to redeeme me, theres a fearfull poynt:
Shall I not then be ſtiffled in the Vault?
To whoſe foule mouth no healthſome ayre breaths in,
And there die ſtrangled ere my *Romeo* comes.
Or if I liue, is it not very like,
The horrible conceit of death and night,
Togither with the terror of the place,
As in a Vaulte, an auncient receptacle,
Where for this many hundred yeares the bones
Of all my buried aunceſtors are packt,
Where bloudie *Tybalt* yet but greene in earth,
Lies feſtring in his ſhroude, where as they ſay,
At ſome houres in the night, ſpirits reſort:
Alack, alack, is it not like that I
So early waking, what with loathſome ſmels,
And ſhrikes like mandrakes torne out of the earth,
That liuing mortalls hearing them run mad:
O if I walke, ſhall I not be diſtraught,
Inuironed with all theſe hidious feares,
And madly play with my forefathers ioynts?

And

And pluck the mangled *Tybalt* from his shrowde,
And in this rage with some great kinsmans bone,
As with a club dash out my desprate braines.
O looke, me thinks I see my Cozins Ghost,
Seeking out *Romeo* that did spit his body
Vpon a Rapiers poynt: stay *Tybalt*, stay:
Romeo, Romeo, Romeo, heeres drinke, I drinke to thee.

Enter Lady of the house and Nurse.

La. Hold take these keies & fetch more spices Nurse.
Nur. They call for dates and quinces in the Pastrie.

Enter old Capulet.

Ca. Come, stir, stir, stir, the second Cock hath crowed.
The Curphew bell hath roong, tis three a clock:
Looke to the bakte meates, good *Angelica*,
Spare not for cost.
Nur. Go you cot-queane go,
Get you to bed, faith youle be sicke to morrow
For this nights watching.
Ca. No not a whit, what I haue watcht ere now,
All night for lesser cause, and nere bene sicke.
La. I you haue bene a mouse-hunt in your time,
But I will watch you from such watching now.

Exit Lady and Nurse.

Ca. A iealous hood, a iealous hood, now fellow, what is there?

Enter three or foure with spits and logs, and Baskets.

Fel. Things for the Cooke sir, but I know not what.
Ca. Make haste, make haste sirra, fetch drier logs.
Call *Peter*, he will shew thee where they are.
Fel. I haue a head sir, that will find out logs,
And neuer trouble *Peter* for the matter.
Ca. Masse and well said, a merrie horson, ha,
Thou shalt be loggerhead, good father tis day.

Play Musicke.

The Countie will be here with musicke straight,
For so he said he would, I heare him neare.
Nurse, wife, what ho, what Nurse I say?

Enter

Enter Nurse.

Go waken *Iuliet*, go and trim her vp,
Ile go and chat with *Paris*, hie, make haste,
Make haste, the bridgroome, he is come already, make hast I say.
Nur. Mistris, what mistris, *Iuliet*, fast I warrant her she,
Why Lambe, why Lady, fie you sluggabed,
Why Loue I say, Madam, sweete heart, why Bride:
What not a word, you take your penniworths now,
Sleepe for a weeke, for the next night I warrant
The Countie *Paris* hath set vp his rest,
That you shall rest but little, God forgiue me.
Marrie and Amen: how sound is she a sleepe:
I needs must wake her: Madam, Madam, Madam,
I, let the Countie take you in your bed,
Heele fright you vp yfaith, will it not be?
What dresst, and in your clothes, and downe againe?
I must needs wake you, Lady, Lady, Lady.
Alas, alas, helpe, helpe, my Ladyes dead.
Oh wereaday that euer I was borne,
Some Aqua-vitæ ho, my Lord my Lady.
Mo. What noise is here?
Nur. O lamentable day.
Mo. What is the matter?
Nur. Looke, looke, oh heauie day!
Mo. O me, O me, my child, my onely life.
Reuiue, looke vp, or I will die with thee:
Helpe, helpe, call helpe.

Enter Father.

Fa. For shame bring *Iuliet* forth, her Lord is come.
Nur. Shees dead: deceast, shees dead, alack the day.
M. Alack the day, shees dead, shees dead, shees dead.
Fa. Hah let me see her, out alas shees cold,
Her bloud is setled, and her ioynts are stiffe:
Life and these lips haue long bene separated,
Death lies on her like an vntimely frost,
Vpon the sweetest flower of all the field.

Nur. O lamentable day!
Mo. O wofull time!
Fa. Death that hath tane her hēce to make me waile
Ties vp my tongue and will not let me speake.

Enter Frier and the Countie.

Fri. Come, is the Bride ready to go to Church?
Fa. Ready to go but neuer to returne.
O sonne, the night before thy wedding day
Hath death laine with thy wife, there she lies,
Flower as she was, deflowred by him,
Death is my sonne in law, death is my heire,
My daughter he hath wedded. I will die,
And leaue him all life liuing, all is deaths.
Par. Haue I thought loue to see this mornings face,
And doth it giue me such a sight as this?
Mo. Accurst, vnhappie, wretched hatefull day,
Most miserable houre that ere time saw,
In lasting labour of his Pilgrimage,
But one poore one, one poore and louing child,
But one thing to reioyce and solace in,
And cruell death hath catcht it from my sight.
Nur. O wo, O wofull, wofull, wofull day,
Most lamentable day, most wofull day
That euer, euer, I did yet beheld.
O day, O day, O day, O hatefull day,
Neuer was seene so blacke a day as this,
O wofull day, O wofull day.
Par. Beguild, diuorced, wronged, spighted, slaine,
Most detestable death, by thee beguild,
By cruell, cruell, thee quite ouerthrowne,
O loue, O life, not life, but loue in death.
Fat. Despisde distressed, hated, martird, kild,
Vncomfortable time, why camst thou now,
To murther, murther, our solemnities?
O childe, O childe, my soule and not my childe,
Dead art thou, alacke my child is dead,
And with my child my ioyes are buried.

Fri. Peace

Fri. Peace ho for shame, confusions care liues not,
In these confusions heauen and your selfe
Had part in this faire maide, now heauen hath all,
And all the better is it for the maid:
Your part in her, you could not keepe from death,
But heauen keepes his part in eternall life,
The most you sought was her promotion,
For twas your heauen she should be aduanst,
And weepe ye now, seeing she is aduanst
Aboue the Cloudes, as high as heauen it selfe.
O in this loue, you loue your child so ill,
That you run mad, seeing that she is well:
Shees not well married, that liues married long,
But shees best married, that dies married young.
Drie vp your teares, and stick your Rosemarie
On this faire Coarse, and as the custome is,
And in her best array beare her to Church:
For though some nature bids vs all lament,
Yet natures teares are reasons merriment.
Fa. All things that we ordained festiuall,
Turne from their office to black Funerall:
Our instruments to melancholy bells,
Our wedding cheare to a sad buriall feast:
Our solemne himnes to sullen dyrges change:
Our Bridall flowers serue for a buried Coarse:
And all things change them to the contrarie.
Fri. Sir go you in, and Madam go with him,
And go sir *Paris*, euery one prepare
To follow this faire Coarse vnto her graue:
The heauens do lowre vpon you for some ill:
Moue them no more, by crossing their high wil.

Exeunt manet.

Musi. Faith we may put vp our pipes and be gone.
Nur. Honest good fellowes, ah put vp, put vp,
For well you know, this is a pitifull case.
Fid. I my my troath, the case may be amended.

Exit omnes.

Enter

Enter Will Kemp.

Peter. Musitions, oh Musitions, harts ease, harts ease,
O, and you will haue me liue, play harts ease.
Fidler. Why harts ease?
Peter. O Musitions, because my hart it selfe plaies my hart is full:
O play me some merie dump to comfort me.
Minstrels. Not a dump we, tis no time to play now.
Peter. You will not then?
Minst. No.
Peter. I will then giue it you soundly.
Minst. What will you giue vs?
Peter. No money on my faith, but the gleeke.
I will giue you the Minstrell.
Minstrel. Then will I giue you the Seruing-creature.
Peter. Then will I lay the seruing-creatures dagger on your pate.
I will cary no Crochets, ile re you, Ile fa
You, do you note me?
Minst. And you re vs, and fa vs, you note vs.
2. *M.* Pray you put vp your dagger, and put out your wit.
Then haue at you with my wit.
Peter. I will dry-beate you with an yron wit, and put vp my yron dagger.
Answere me like men.
When griping griefes the hart doth wound, then musique with her siluer sound.
Why siluer sound, why musique, with her siluer sound, what say you Simon Catling?
Minst. Mary sir, because siluer hath a sweet sound.
Peter. Prates, what say you Hugh Rebick?
2. *M.* I say siluer sound, because Musitions sound for siluer.
Peter. Prates to, what say you Iames sound post?
3. *M.* Faith I know not what to say.
Peter. O I cry you mercy, you are the singer.
I will say for you, it is musique with her siluer sound,
Because Musitions haue no gold for sounding:
Then Musique with her siluer sound with speedy help doth lend redresse.

Exit.

Minst.

Min. What a pestilent knaue is this same?
M. 2. Hang him Iack, come weele in here, tarrie for the mourners, and stay dinner.

Exit.

Enter Romeo.

Ro. If I may trust the flattering truth of sleepe,
My dreames presage some ioyfull newes at hand,
My bosomes L. sits lightly in his throne:
And all this day an vnaccustomd spirit,
Lifts me aboue the ground with chearfull thoughts,
I dreamt my Lady came and found me dead,
Strange dreame that giues a deadman leaue to thinke,
And Breathd such life with kisses in my lips,
That I reuiude and was an Emperor.
Ah me, how sweete is loue it selfe possest
When but loues shadowes are so rich in ioy.

Enter Romeos man.

Newes from *Verona*, how now *Balthazer*,
Dost thou not bring me Letters from the Frier?
How doth my Lady, is my Father well:
How doth my Lady *Iuliet*? that I aske againe,
For nothing can be ill if she be well.
Man. Then she is well and nothing can be ill,
Her body sleepes in *Capels* monument,
And her immortall part with Angels liues.
I saw her laid lowe in her kindreds vault,
And presently tooke poste to tell it you:
O pardon me for bringing these ill newes,
Since you did leaue it for my office sir.
Rom. Is it in so? then I denie you starres.
Thou knowest my lodging, get me inke and paper,
And hire post horses, I will hence to night.
Man. I do beseech you sir, haue patience:
Your lookes are pale and wilde, and do import
Some misaduenture.
Ro. Tush thou art deceiu'd,
Leaue me, and do the thing I bid thee do.

Hast

Hast thou no Letters to me from the Frier?
Man. No my good Lord.
Exit.

Ro. No matter get thee gone,
And hyre those horses, I le be with thee straight.
Well *Iuliet*, I will lie with thee to night:
Lets see for meanes, O mischiefe thou art swift,
To enter in the thoughts of desperate men.
I do remember an Appothacarie,
And here abouts a dwells which late I noted,
In tattred weeds with ouerwhelming browes,
Culling of simples, meager were his lookes,
Sharpe miserie had worne him to the bones:
And in his needie shop a tortoyes hung,
An allegater stuft, and other skins
Of ill shapte fishes, and about his shelues,
A beggerly account of emptie boxes,
Greene earthen pots, bladders and mustie seedes,
Remnants of packthred, and old cakes of Roses
Were thinly scattered, to make vp a shew.
Noting this penury, to my selfe I said,
An if a man did need a poyson now,
Whose sale is present death in *Mantua*,
Here liues a Catiffe wretch would sell it him.
O this same thought did but foreiun my need,
And this same needie man must sell it me.
As I remember this should be the house,
Being holy day, the beggers shop is shut.
What ho Appothecarie.
Appo. Who calls so lowd?
Kom. Come hither man, I see that thou art poore.
Hold, there is fortie duckets, let me haue
A dram of poyson, such soone speeding geare,
As will dispearse it selfe through all the veines,
That the life-wearie-taker may fall dead,
And that the Trunke may be discharged of breath,
As violently, as hastie powder fierd

Doth hurry from the fatall Canons wombe.
Poti. Such mortall drugs I haue, but *Mantuas* lawe
Is death to any he that vtters them.
Ro. Art thou so bare and full of wretchednesse,
And fearest to die, famine is in thy cheekes,
Need and oppression starueth in thy eyes,
Contempt and beggerie hangs vpon thy backe:
The world is not thy friend, nor the worlds law,
The world affoords no law to make thee rich:
Then be not poore, but breake it and take this.
Poti. My pouertie, but not my will consents.
Ro. I pray thy pouertie and not thy will.
Poti. Put this in any liquid thing you will
And drinke it off, and if you had the strength
Of twentie men, it would dispatch you straight.
Ro. There is thy Gold, worse poyson to mens soules,
Doing more murther in this loathsome world,
Then these poore cõpounds that thou maiest not sell,
I sell thee poyson, thou hast sold me none,
Farewell, buy foode, and get thy selfe in flesh.
Come Cordiall and not poyson, go with me
To *Iuliets* graue, for there must I vse thee.
Exeunt.

Enter Frier Iohn *to Frier* Lawrence.
Ioh. Holy *Franciscan* Frier, brother, ho.
Enter Lawrence.
Law. This same should be the voyce of Frier *Iohn*,
Welcome from *Mantua*, what says *Romeo*?
Or if his minde be writ, giue me his Letter.
Ioh. Going to find a barefoote brother out,
One of our order to associate me,
Here in this Citie visiting the sicke,
And finding him, the Searchers of the Towne
Suspecting that we both were in a house,
Where the infectious pestilence did raigne,
Seald vp the doores, and would not let vs forth,
So that my speed to *Mantua* there was staid.

Law. Who bare my Letter then to *Romeo?*
John. I could not ſend it,here it is againe,
Nor get a meſſenger to bring it thee,
So feareſull were they ofinfection.
Law. Vnhappie fortune, by my Brotherhood,
The Letter was not nice but full of charge,
Of deare import,and the neglecting it,
May do much danger:Frier *John* go hence,
Get me an Iron Crow and bring it ſtraight
Vnto my Cell.
John. Brother ile go and bring it thee. (*Exit.*
Law. Now muſt I to the Monument alone,
Within this three houres will faire *Iuliet* wake,
Shee will beſhrewe me much that *Romeo*
Hath had no notice of theſe accidents:
But I will write againe to *Mantua*,
And keepe her at my Cell till *Romeo* come,
Poore liuing Coarſe,cloſde in a dead mans Tombe.
Exit.

Enter Paris *and his Page.*

Par. Giue me thy Torch boy,hence and ſtand aloofe,
Yet put it out,for I would not be ſeene:
Vnder yond young Trees lay thee all along,
Holding thy eare cloſe to the hollow ground,
So ſhall no foote vpon the Church-yard tread,
Being looſe,vnfirme with digging vp of Graues,
But thou ſhalt heare it,whiſtle then to me
As ſignall that thou heareſt ſome thing approach,
Giue me thoſe flowers,do as I bid thee,go.
Pa. I am almoſt afraid to ſtand alone,
Here in the Church-yard,yet I will aduenture.
Par. Sweet flower, with flowers thy Bridall bed I ſtrew
O woe,thy Canapie is duſt and ſtones,
Which with ſweete water nightly I will dewe,
Or wanting that,with teares diſtild by mones,
The obſequies that I for thee will keepe:

Nightly

Nightly ſhall be, to ſtrew thy graue and weepe.
Whiſtle Boy.
The Boy giues warning,ſomething doth approach,
What curſed foote wanders this way to night,
To croſſe my obſequies and true loues right?
What with a Torch?muffle me night a while.

Enter Romeo *and* Peter.

Ro. Giue me that mattocke and the wrenching Iron,
Hold take this Letter,early in the morning
See thou deliuer it to my Lord and Father,
Giue me the light vpon thy life I charge thee,
What ere thou heareſt or ſeeſt,ſtand all aloofe,
And do not interrupt me in my courſe.
Why I deſcend into this bed of death,
Is partly to behold my Ladies face:
But chiefly to take thence from her dead finger,
A precious Ring: a Ring that I muſt vſe,
In deare imployment,therefore hence be gone:
But if thou iealous doſt returne to prie
In what I farther ſhall intend to doo,
By heauen I will teare thee loynt by Ioynt,
And ſtrew this hungry Church-yard with thy limbs:
The time and my intents are ſauage wilde,
More fierce and more inexorable farre,
Then emptie Tygers,or the roaring ſea.
Pet. I will be gone ſir,and not trouble ye.
Ro. So ſhalt thou ſhew me friendſhid,take thou that,
Liue and be proſperous,and farewell good fellow.
Pet. For all this ſame, ile hide me here about,
His lookes I feare,and his intents I doubt.
Ro. Thou deteſtable mawe, thou wombe of death,
Gorg'd with the deareſt morſell of the earth:
Thus I enforce thy rotten Iawes to open,
And in deſpight ile cram thee with more foode.
Pa. This is that baniſht haughtie *Mountague*,
That murdred my loues Cozin,with which greefe

It is supposed the faire creature died,
And here is come to do some villainous shame
To the dead bodies: I will apprehend him,
Stop thy vnhallowed toyle vile *Mountague*:
Can vengeance be pursued further then death?
Condemned villaine, I do apprehend thee;
Obey and go with me, for thou must die.
Rom. I must indeed, and therefore came I hither,
Good gentle youth tempt not a desprate man,
Flie hence and leaue me, thinke vpon these gone,
Let them affright thee. I beseech thee youth,
Put not an other sin vpon my head,
By vrging me to furie, ô be gone,
By heauen I loue thee better then my selfe,
For I come hither armde against my selfe:
Stay not, begone, liue, and hereafter say,
A mad mans mercie bid thee run away.
Par. I do defie thy commiration,
And apprehend thee for a Fellon here.
Ro. Wilt thou prouoke me? then haue at thee boy.
O Lord they fight, I will go call the Watch.
Par. O I am slaine, if thou be mercifull,
Open the Tombe, lay me with *Iuliet*.
Rom. In faith I will, let me peruse this face,
Mercutios kinsman, Noble Countie *Paris*,
What said my man, when my betossed soule
Did not attend him as we rode? I thinke
He told me *Paris* should haue married *Iuliet*,
Said he not so? or did I dreame it so?
Or am I mad, hearing him talke of *Iuliet*,
To thinke it was so? O giue me thy hand,
One writ with me in sowre misfortunes booke,
Ile burie thee in a triumphant graue.
A Graue, O no. A Lanthorne slaughtred youth:
For here lies *Iuliet*, and her bewtie makes
This Vault a feasting presence full of light.

Death lie thou there by a dead man interd,
How oft when men are at the point of death,
Haue they bene merie? which their keepers call
A lightning before death? Oh how may I
Call this a lightning? O my Loue, my wife,
Death that hath suckt the honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet vpon thy bewtie:
Thou art not conquerd, bewties enseigne yet
Is crymson in thy lips and in thy cheeks,
And deaths pale flag is not aduanced there.
Tybalt lyest thou there in thy bloudie sheet?
O what more fauour can I do to thee,
Then with that hand that cut thy youth in twaine,
To sunder his that was thine enemie?
Forgiue me Couzen. Ah deare *Iuliet*
Why art thou yet so faire? I will beleeue,
Shall I beleeue that vnsubstantiall death is amorous,
And that the leane abhorred monster keepes
Thee here in darke to be his parramour?
For feare of that I still will stay with thee,
And neuer from this pallat of dym night.
Depart againe, come lye thou in my arme,
Heer's to thy health, where ere thou tumblest in.
O true Appothecarie!
Thy drugs are quicke. Thus with a kisse I die.
Depart againe, here, here, will I remaine,
With wormes that are thy Chamber-maides: O here
Will I set vp my euerlasting rest:
And shake the yoke of inauspicious starres,
From this world wearied flesh, eyes looke your last:
Armes take your last embrace: And lips, O you
The doores of breath, seale with a righteous kisse
A dateles bargaine to ingrossing death:
Come bitter conduct, come vnsauoury guide,
Thou desperate Pilot, now at once run on
The dashing Rocks, thy seasick weary barke:
Heeres to my Loue. O true Appothecary:
Thy drugs are quicke. Thus with a kisse I die.

Entrer Frier with Lanthorne, Crowe, and Spade.

Frier. S. Frances be my speede, how oft to night
Haue my old feet stumbled at graues? Whoes there?
Man. Heeres one, a friend, and one that knowes you well.
Frier. Bliſſe be vpon you. Tell me good my friend
What torch is yond that vainly lends his light
To grubs and eyeleſſe ſculles: as I diſcerne,
It burneth in the *Capels* monument.
Man. It doth ſo holy ſir, and theres my maiſter, one that you (loue.
Frier. Who is it?
Man. *Romeo.*
Frier. How long hath he bin there?
Man. Full halfe an houre.
Frier. Go with me to the Vault.
Man. I dare not ſir.
My Maſter knowes not but I am gone hence,
And fearefully did menace me with death
If I did ſtay to looke on his entents.
Frier. Stay then ile go alone, feare comes vpon me.
O much I feare ſome ill vnthriftie thing.
Man. As I did ſleepe vnder this yong tree heere,
I dreampt my maiſter and another fought,
And that my maiſter ſlew him.
Frier. *Romeo.*
Alack alack, what bloud is this which ſtaines
The ſtony entrance of this Sepulchre?
What meane theſe maiſterleſſe and goarie ſwords
To lie diſcolour'd by this place of peace?
Romeo, oh pale! who elſe, what *Paris* too?
And ſteept in bloud? ah what an vnkind hower
Is guiltie of this lamentable chance?
The Lady ſtirres.
Iuli. O comfortable Frier, where is my Lord?
I do remember well where I ſhould be:
And there I am, where is my *Romeo*?
Frier. I heare ſome noyſe Lady, come from that neſt

Of death, contagion, and vnnaturall ſleepe,
A greater power then we can contradict
Hath thwarted our intents, come, come away,
Thy husband in thy boſome there lies dead:
And *Paris* too, come ile diſpoſe of thee,
Among a Siſterhood of holy Nunnes:
Stay not to queſtion, for the watch is comming,
Come go good *Iuliet*, I dare no longer ſtay.

Exit.

Iuli. Go get thee hence, for I will not away.
Whats heere? a cup cloſd in my true loues hand?
Poiſon I ſee hath bin his timeleſſe end:
O churle, drunke all, and left no friendly drop
To help me after, I will kiſſe thy lips,
Happlie ſome poyſon yet doth hang on them,
To make me dye with a reſtoratiue.
Thy lips are warme.

Enter Boy and Watch.

Watch. Leade boy, which way.
Iuli. Yea noiſe? then ile be briefe. O happy dagger
This is thy ſheath, there ruſt and let me dye.
Watch boy. This is the place there where the torch doth burne.
Watch. The ground is bloudie, ſearch about the Churchyard.
Go ſome of you, who ere you find attach.
Pittifull ſight, heere lies the Countie ſlaine,
And *Iuliet* bleeding, warme, and newlie dead:
Who heere hath laine this two daies buried.
Go tell the Prince, runne to the *Capulets*,
Raiſe vp the *Mountagues*, ſome others ſearch,
We ſee the ground whereon theſe woes do lye,
But the true ground of all theſe piteous woes
We cannot without circumſtance deſcry.

Enter Romeos man.

Watch. Heres *Romeos* man, we found him in the Churchyard.
Chief. watch. Hold him in ſafetie till the Prince come hither.

Enter Frier, and another Watchman.

3. *Watch.* Here is a Frier that trembles, ſighes, and weepes,

We tooke this Mattocke and this Spade from him,
As he was comming from this Church-yards side.
Chiefwatch. A great suspition, stay the Frier too too.

Enter the Prince.

Prin. What misaduenture is so early vp,
That calls our person from our morning rest?

Enter Capels,

Ca. What should it be that is so shrike abroad?
Wife. O the people in the street crie *Romeo*,
Some *Iuliet*, and some *Paris*, and all runne
With open outcry toward our Monument.
Pr. What feare is this which startles in your eares?
Watch. Soueraine, here lies the County *Paris* slain,
And *Romeo* dead, and *Iuliet* dead before,
Warme and new kild. (comes.
Prin. Search, seeke & know how this foule murder
Wat. Here is a Frier, and Slaughter *Romeos* man,
With Instruments vpon them, fit to open
These dead mens Tombes.

Enter Capulet and his wife.

Ca. O heauens! O wife looke how our daughter
This dagger hath mistane, for loe his house (bleeds
Is emptie on the back of *Mountague*,
And it misheathd in my daughters bosome.
Wife. O me, this sight of death, is as a Bell
That warnes my old age to a sepulcher.

Enter Mountague.

Prin. Come *Mountague*, for thou art early vp
To see thy sonne and heire, now earling downe.
Moun. Alas my liege, my wife is dead to night,
Griefe of my sonnes exile hath stopt her breath.
What further woe conspires against mine age?
Prin. Looke and thou shalt see.
Moun. O thou vntaught, what maners is in this,
To presse before thy father to a graue?
Prin. Seale vp the mouth of outrage for a while,
Till we can cleare these ambiguities,

And know their spring, their head, their true discent,
And then will I be generall of your woes,
And leade you euen to death, meane time forbeare,
And let mischance be slaue to patience,
Bring foorth the parties of suspition.
Frier. I am the greatest able to do least,
Yet most suspected as the time and place
Doth make against me of this direfull murther:
And heere I stand both to impeach and purge
My selfe condemned, and my selfe excusde.
Prin. Then say at once what thou dost know in this?
Frier. I will be briefe, for my short date of breath
Is not so long as is a tedious tale.
Romeo there dead, was husband to that *Iuliet*,
And she there dead, thats *Romeos* faithfull wife:
I married them, and their stolne marriage day
Was *Tibalts* doomesday, whose vntimely death
Banisht the new-made Bridegroome from this Citie,
For whome, and not for *Tibalt*, *Iuliet* pinde.
You to remoue that siege of griefe from her
Betrothd and would haue married her perforce
To Countie *Paris*. Then comes she to me,
And with wild lookes bid me deuise some meane
To rid her from this second mariage:
Or in my Cell there would she kill her selfe.
Then gaue I her (so tutord by my art)
A sleeping potion, which so tooke effect
As I intended, for it wrought on her
The forme of death, meane time I writ to *Romeo*
That he should hither come as this dire night
To help to take her from her borrowed graue,
Being the time the potions force should cease.
But he which bore my letter, Frier *John*,
Was stayed by accident, and yesternight
Returnd my letter back, then all alone
At the prefixed hower of her waking,

Came I to take her from her kindreds Vault,
Meaning to keepe her closely at my Cell,
Till I conueniently could send to *Romeo*.
But when I came, some minute ere the time,
Of her awakening, here vntimely lay,
The Noble *Paris*, and true *Romeo* dead.
She wakes, and I entreated her come forth
And beare this worke of heauen with patience:
But then a noyse did scare me from the Tombe,
And she too desperate would not go with me:
But as it seemes, did violence on her selfe.
All this I know, & to the marriage her Nurse is priuie:
And if ought in this miscaried by my fault,
Let my old life be sacrific'd some houre before his time,
Vnto the rigour of seuerest law.

Prin. We still haue knowne thee for a holy man,
Wheres *Romeos* man? what can he say to this?

Balth. I brought my maister newes of *Iuliets* death,
And then in poste he came from *Mantua*,
To this same place. To this same monument
This Letter he early bid me giue his Father,
And threatned me with death, going in the Vault,
If I departed not, and left him there.

Prin. Giue me the Letter, I will looke on it.
Where is the Counties Page that raisd the Watch?
Sirrah, what made your maister in this place?

Boy. He came with flowers to strew his Ladies graue,
And bid me stand aloofe, and so I did,
Anon comes one with light to ope the Tombe,
And by and by my maister drew on him,
And then I ran away to call the Watch.

Prin. This Letter doth make good the Friers words,
Their course of Loue, the tidings of her death,
And here he writes, that he did buy a poyson
Of a poore Pothecarie, and therewithall,
Came to this Vault, to die and lye with *Iuliet*.
Where be these enemies? *Capulet*, *Mountague*?

See what a scourge is laide vpon your hate?
That heauen finds means to kil your ioyes with loue,
And I for winking at your discords too,
Haue lost a brace of kinsmen, all are punisht.

Cap. O brother *Mountague*, giue me thy hand,
This is my daughters ioynture, for no more
Can I demaund.

Moun. But I can giue thee more,
For I will raie her statue in pure gold,
That whiles *Verona* by that name is knowne,
There shall no figure at such rate be set,
As that of true and faithfull *Iuliet*.

Capel. As rich shall *Romeos* by his Ladies lie,
Poore sacrifices of our enmitie.

Prin. A glooming peace this morning with it brings,
The Sun for sorrow will not shew his head:
Go hence to haue more talke of these sad things,
Some shall be pardoned, and some punished.
For neuer was a Storie of more wo,
Then this of *Iuliet* and her *Romeo*.

FINIS.

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